

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. X.—No. 244 [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1901.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY EVELYN BERTIE.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Evelyn Bertie	289, 290
A Wrong Turn	290
Country Notes	291
The King's Flocks and Herds.—I. (Illustrated)	293
On the Green	296
Penguins at Home. (Illustrated)	296
Notable Gardens: Hitherbury, Guildford. (Illustrated)	297
In the Harvest-field. (Illustrated)	300
Some History of the Red Grouse	302
In the Garden	303
Garaeus Old and New: Lydon Hall. (Illustrated)	304
The Sign of the Angle	308
Giles in Luce	311
The Last of the Island Regattas (Illustrated)	313
Books of the Day	314
Wild Country Life	315
Partridges and Insect Food: Notes on a Sussex Shoot. (Illustrated)	316
Hunting Notes	318
From the Pavilion (Illustrated)	318
Correspondence	319

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

A WRONG TURN.

M^R. RIDER HAGGARD in the course of his rustic pilgrimage has frequently had to record that men notable for their shrewdness—knowledgeable, to use a landward term—have been shaking their heads and saying that bad times are returning. Probably the out-and-out pessimist would retort that they have never left us. On the general principle that the "merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a," many of us have tried to be deaf to these wailings. But now Major Craigie enters upon the scene, and he is one of those individuals who have the knack of commanding attention. The chief reason is that above and beyond all else he is a man of facts. Never was there at the head of a department of any Board of Agriculture one whose devotion to figures was more single-hearted. He has no axe of his own to grind, and no interest except to set forth the truth. And indeed that is a wholesome quality possessed at present by most of our official people. Well, Major Craigie has just issued the preliminary Agricultural Returns of Great Britain, and has done so in a more elaborate form than previously, and there are several ominous features about them. Land is still being withdrawn from cultivation, farmers persist in laying wheatland down to grass, and, most serious of all, the diminution of our breeding livestock continues. It is a record of fewer cows in milk, fewer breeding ewes, and fewer brood sows. No doubt a

partial explanation is offered by the weather. A long spell of dry hot days left farmers with a short crop of hay, shrivelled up their pastures, prevented the roots from growing, and ripened the wheat before the straw had time to come. These things have a very definite effect on the grazier, since they mean that food is scarce in summer, and will be scarcer still in winter. What he does on such occasions is to sell all he can, and as other farmers are not buying, it follows that the path of the animals leads to the slaughter-house; and when Major Craigie comes to take stock for the nation, he finds that it is greatly diminished. Here you have a very reasonable explanation.

But the most cursory survey of the situation will show there is more in it than all that comes to. Our farmers recognise, and with perfect justice, that to attempt to grow wheat in rivalry with foreigners is futile, and hence the continuous change of land from arable to grass. If, however, it be hopeless to go on cultivating cereals, obviously more attention will have to be paid to the feeding-stall and the dairy. Only with great reluctance will it be admitted that we have utterly to surrender our markets for butter and eggs to Denmark and Brittany, or that frozen meat is to drive away Welsh mutton and Scotch beef. Yet an essential to the production alike of joints and dairy products is more cows producing calves and milk. It cannot but be ominous that cows are shrinking in number, be the cause what it may. That ewes and sows are in the same case only intensifies our foreboding. The supply of meat is not one that can be suddenly increased to meet an unexpected demand, and any important falling away in the number of our livestock is a weakness that it would take years to remedy. Besides, if the land turned down to permanent pasture or devoted to hay be not utilised for the breeding of more animals, it must represent so much direct and definite loss. This is argument from which there is no getting away, because it consists not of ingenious and wire-drawn reasoning, but of a simple statement of the facts of the case. More land is being annually devoted to flocks and herds, yet the gross number of these flocks and herds tends to grow less. In cattle, we had last year an increase of 9,450, but this year there is a decrease of 41,276. Last year showed a loss of 646,528 in the number of sheep, and this year, far from the decline being checked, there is a further decrease of 215,026. The decrease in pigs in 1900 was 241,881, and this year it is 220,007. Of all farm-stock, horses alone show a slight increase, and this is satisfactory so far as it seems to point to the revival of a remunerative branch of farming.

What lends exceptional gravity to these figures is the well-grounded fear that for some time past the capital invested in agriculture has been steadily diminishing. Where there is only a slight loss on a holding, the tenant is naturally inclined to hang on as long as possible. He knows that to clear out would be to incur heavy and direct loss; in many cases it would leave him penniless, without a means of livelihood to turn to. Then hope springs eternal in the human breast, and, like Montague Tigg, the average man trusts that "something will turn up." If it does not, he goes on letting the capital trickle gradually out—slow bleeding to death, as one may say. Now, in a run of fine, or even fairly average, seasons this process may be a very gradual one, but every day that it continues unfits the industry more and more for a long fight against bad times. The war-chest, to change the simile, is bit by bit being depleted. Yet anyone acquainted even slightly with the history of English agriculture is aware that several times in each century it has had to contend with a run of frightfully bad seasons. "Ist na Hallowmass noo, and the crap oot yet?" asks the goodwife in "The Brownie of Blednoch," and how often in the course of reading does one come across evidence of long-continued bad weather in England. It happens that since 1879 we have not had experience of an out-and-out bad year—irredeemably bad, that is to say, for we have had several years very much under the average—and this is only a reason for fearing that such a succession may be too soon encountered. It may safely be said that never before in their history were English farmers more inadequately equipped to cope with this kind of misfortune, and it is more than a guess that during the present year livestock has had to be sold at the wrong time, simply because it was necessary to "raise the wind." That is the main reason why economic students are watching the signs of the times with so lively an apprehension. It needs only a very little change for the worse to produce great distress in the rural districts.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Bertie, the youngest sister of the twelfth Earl of Lindsey. On another page is reproduced a photograph of the Ladies Blanche and Diana Somerset, the little daughters of the Duke of Beaufort.



DURING September it would appear likely that political *quidnuncs* will find abundant material for gossip in the Czar's proceedings. The air is already full of rumours about the object of this pilgrimage, which he is carrying out in Russia's most stately and splendid manner. And the chief glory of this potentate is that he is universally credited with nursing the most divine of all dreams, that of general peace. Rumour, always busy, has it that he means to call a meeting of crowned heads at Copenhagen, to consider, under the presidency of King Christian, how bayonets may be turned into reaping hooks and the gun factories be transformed to convalescent homes. He is said to wish that the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, and the President of France should all join him in this mission. It is a fine thing to believe, as most of us frankly do, that this powerful Sovereign is sincere in his aspiration. The only difficulty is that no similar confidence is felt in the Ministers who carry out his policy. While the Ruler of Russia is ever professing the doctrine of peace there is no cessation of the encroaching policy of that Power, nor does there seem any likelihood of it beginning the policy of disarmament. As long as that remains true, we fear that the Czar's ambition will remain but a dream, though assuredly one of those that issue only from the Ivory Gate.

A considerable stir was made about a week ago by an announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Lord Salisbury was in the mind to resign immediately after the Coronation ceremony. Our contemporary has earned a reputation for finding things out, and many will remember the sensation caused by its announcement that the illness of the late Mr. Gladstone had entered upon what was practically a hopeless stage. It is no wonder, then, that its information was taken seriously, especially as it is no secret that Lord Salisbury wishes to go out of harness as soon as possible. The news gave an opening for Cabinet making, that favourite game of journalists. In this case, it is not very difficult. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry mostly consisted of himself and a number of cyphers that meant nothing unless he was in front, and accordingly collapse followed on his death. Strong as Lord Salisbury is, he does not occupy that position. He has Mr. A. J. Balfour ready to step into his shoes, and only those who love to propound what is *outré* and fantastic could dream of naming any other. The only plausible alternatives are, first, the Duke of Devonshire, who probably would not accept the position; and, second, Mr. Chamberlain, who would not command the same general loyalty as Mr. Balfour. That is the substance of the matter, though speculation is not likely to cease.

Few isolated events of the war are sadder than the death of young Lieutenant-Colonel Vandeleur, "a most promising officer," in Lord Kitchener's words. He was only in his thirty-second year, and appeared to have before him a most distinguished career. He had been honourably mentioned in despatches for his share in the Unyoro Expedition, the Nandi Expedition, and the Niger-Soudan Expedition, having, before he was thirty, received six medals and decorations. Last October he was promoted to being major of the newly-formed Irish Guards, and was made lieutenant-colonel in the following month. It would have been sad enough to lose so fine a soldier on the field of battle, but that he should perish at the hands of some cowardly and skulking incendiary is more than aggravating. There is no disguising the fact that while we are conducting operations according to the traditions of a most highly-civilised country, feeding the wives and guarding the children of our opponents, they are resorting to methods which have found favour only with Fenians, Nihilists, Moonlighters, and other enemies of the human race. If ever miscreants deserved such punishment as is meted out to murderers and assassins these Boers do so, when, with no hope of lasting good to themselves, they resort to the fell devices of the Anarchist.

The disposition of the Boer leaders, in face of Lord Kitchener's proclamation, appears to be as obstinate as ever, but the rank and file of the commandoes seem to have been affected by its menaces, and surrenders continue to increase, hastening the long-delayed but inevitable end. Meanwhile, we are glad to see the Government taking a strong line with regard to punishment for murder of prisoners, every member of a commando by which such a murder is committed being held responsible in some degree if they were present at the time. This intimation should strengthen the hands of military justice not a little.

We seem to be effecting some kind of a solution of the Chinese puzzle. If it is not, perhaps, as good as we wished, it is almost better than many of us ventured to hope. The edict prohibiting the importation of arms does not seem to have been drawn up with the close attention that would satisfy a Parliamentary draughtsman in England, but the weight of the Ministers of the Powers in China may perhaps serve to get the gaps closed up. On the whole, we have not done so badly in getting out of the imbroglio without undignified climbing down on the part of the Western Powers from the position that they assumed, and also without any serious consequences arising from their own mutual jealousies. To have escaped this is to have effected much. That the position of Great Britain individually and her influence in China have gained by the whole course of the affair is hardly to be thought. From the military point of view, the Japanese showed the most surprising qualities; and probably it may not be without its future influence on events in the East that they had this opportunity of comparing themselves with the soldiers and military efficiency of Western Powers, and found the comparison not to their own disadvantage.

All's well that ends well, but the happy conclusion of Prince Chun's difficulties is not in any way due to the Emperor William. The Kaiser, in point of fact, has played a somewhat ridiculous part in recent proceedings. It seems almost prehistoric for the Sovereign of an European State which pretends to be in an advanced state of civilisation to exact such an act of homage as the kow-tow from a barbaric prince. It is only forty years since the European ambassadors successfully rebelled against paying this obeisance to the Court of China. They did so because the act itself more resembles the methods of savagery than of refinement. The kow-tow consists in the person who kow-tows bending before his superior for the time being, and in knocking his head from three to nine times on the ground. Kaiser William can have very little sense of the ridiculous; he cannot possibly have imagined what he would look like with Prince Chun playing this pantomimic part before him; and the whole scene is more reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas than of any State ceremonies in European Courts. Had the performance been insisted upon, the very greatest umbrage would have been taken by all Orientals who are connected with Europe, the German Emperor would only have been made to look ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects, and nothing whatever would have been gained. He has, however, reason to be thankful for a happy issue from a ridiculous dilemma.

The scheme put forward by Lord Curzon for the formation of an Imperial Cadet Corps to occupy the leisure of the young Indian princes and nobles seems full of good promise. The new corps is intended to appeal especially to those of the Indian royal and noble families who have been too proud or too idle to take commissions in the Indian Army as it has been constituted hitherto. It will be formed of members of noble birth taken from the Rajkumar colleges of the Northern and Western provinces at Ajmeer, Lahore, Indore, and Rajkot. The cadets will receive a two years' training in military duties, and will be brought into contact with the Viceregal Court, to the end that those who are hereditary rulers of their own States may receive a course of instruction that shall fit them for their future duties, and that the rest may be qualified for military and staff appointments, with a commission from the Imperial Crown. So much mischief in the past has been found by Satan for the idle hands of the scions of Indian princely families, that if for no other reason than to keep them out of petty intrigue it is greatly to be wished that the scheme may commend itself to those for whom it is devised.

The whole credit of the scheme, however, undoubtedly lies with Mr. McLaren Morrison. His was the original idea, and for a dozen years and more he has been working devotedly towards the end which has now been achieved. The Indian Press is loud in his praise, and congratulations pour in upon him. One rather disagreeable incident has to be noted, but it is probably only the result of a mistake. It is explained in this extract from a letter from the Viceroy's private secretary to a correspondent who had written for information concerning Mr. Morrison's idea:

"There is no foundation whatever for the pretension to which you have referred. The Cadet Corps scheme was prepared by His Excellency the Viceroy before he had the pleasure of becoming acquainted either with Mr. Morrison or his writings, nor has he any knowledge that those writings contain any recommendation similar to that which has now been sanctioned. Yours faithfully, W. LAWRENCE." This must be rather heart-breaking reading for Mr. Morrison, but as the letter is only a secretary's, and not from the Viceroy's own pen, some mistake must be the explanation.

In these pages it would be quite unseemly for us to enter upon any discussion of the rights and wrongs of master and man at Great Grimsby. The general position, however, is one that can be described without *parti pris* of any kind. Trawling is a business in decay, whether owing to the rapacity of those engaged in it or to some falling-short of the ocean supply of fishes, the causes of which are not ascertained. It is certain that for some time past the business has not been as profitable as it was some years ago, when the trawling companies were so attractive to capital, and it must be something in the way of a Nemesis that the calling which was so much over-capitalised and worked for investment, after having been for generations a means of livelihood to the poorest in the community, should result in one of the labour wars for which the end of the last century and the beginning of this have won distinction.

The *Scotsman* has published some extracts from the report of the Police Committee of the Tweed Fishery Commissioners, and, on the whole, they are very satisfactory reading. The worst feature is the reappearance, virtually after an interval of six years, of the fungoid disease that now is very prevalent. On the other hand, the net fishing did very well in the early part of the season, though the run of grilse has been very small. The anglers, too, did well last year, though flood interfered with their operations towards the end of the season. The spawning season has been a very good one, and the report mentions with satisfaction that, in spite of the great numbers of fish in the beds, poaching has not been more than usually prevalent. What the report does not state is that the war has in all probability taken away many who otherwise might be poachingly engaged. The most remarkable failure of the year under review was the failure in catching fish in January and December for the hatcheries at Mertoun and Learmouth. Only two fish, a female grilse and a male salmon, were caught unspawned, and the committee expresses the hope that the Royal Commission now sitting will recommend traps in the Tweed for their capture, so that they may be artificially spawned in the hatcheries. The guard boat Osprey continues to do good work, and has accounted for over 300 of the poachers' nets in the twelvemonth reviewed.

Partridge shooting opened on Monday with a day that was ideally autumnal—it had plenty of sun, but a wind that was almost cold. And the fields were all ready for the sportsman, the corn, in the words of the old rhyme for harvest home, being "well led and well shorn." Stubble there is everywhere, but roots do not afford as much cover as is desirable. The reports are generally favourable in character. From them we learn that in Middlesex and Hertfordshire birds are plentiful; in Essex the shooting is good; game is abundant in Kent, and the same is true of Lincolnshire, while the Leicestershire coverts are large and well developed; the broods average from twelve to fourteen in Yorkshire; in Wales birds are numerous, and from Scotland we hear that birds are well forward and plump. All this is excellent, and seems to point to a first-rate season, though Norfolk has not such good tidings to send. It is curious that in the land of its birth the red-legged partridge is suffering from a decline that sportsmen cannot avert, and it flourishes amazingly well in the land of its adoption. In parts of Italy, again, our little brown bird does very well, while the red-legged Frenchman cannot be induced to flourish at all.

The unexpected series of defeats which the Constitution has suffered at the hands of the Columbia has thoroughly aroused Americans to a sense of their danger. Ever since the second Shamrock was launched, and news of a trustworthy character concerning her began to circulate, a feeling—of course it could be nothing more than what Americans would call a "hunch"—has existed that the new challenger would not cross the Atlantic in vain. And now, not only does she create a good impression on her appearance at the scene of action, but her rival—a vessel constructed for a special purpose, with the help of everything that America can give in the way of brains, skill, and money—fails to do what is asked of her in her trial contests. It would seem as if Columbia might even now be the chosen champion of the other side; and although this failure of Constitution gives our side unusual confidence, we ought not as good sportsmen to omit to sympathise with the Americans in their great disappointment.

This year the exodus of hop-pickers from Houndsditch has beaten all records as regards number, no fewer than 50,000

having left the railway stations in the course of a few days. It must chiefly be with the object of making holiday that they go, because from the Government returns we see that there is a steady shrinkage of the area devoted to hops. In Kent alone this has amounted to 700 acres in two years, farmers finding by experience that fruit-farming is more profitable than hop-growing. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to know that the crops are good and that hops are in demand. The continental crop is considerably below the average, both in quality and quantity; for instance, that of Bavaria, the chief hop-producing country on the Continent, where it is estimated that the return will not be more than a third of what it was last year.

In connection with this annual migration, there is one matter deserving of attention. Usually hop-pickers enjoy fine weather, and the housing of them is not a matter of first-class importance. Plenty of fresh air is their best medicine. Unfortunately, the old vans and hovels into which they crowd remain there all the year round, and, *horribile dictu*, are inhabited most of the time generally by low-browed gangrels of mixed gipsy blood, who have exceedingly primitive ideas about cleanliness and decency, to say nothing of hygiene. During our crusade against the Building Bye-laws we illustrated some of these wretched dens, and those who remember them will readily agree that steps should be taken to prevent people living there in the cold, dark days of winter.

The latest development of Protection in France will be watched with keen interest in this country. It is to be applied not to native produce, but to native labour. The facts are that about 12 per cent. of the workmen employed in France are foreign, Belgians and Italians being the predominating races. Unless interfered with this proportion is bound to grow, inasmuch as the French working-man has got ideas on the population question that prevent him from becoming the father of as many children as are required to fill the places of those who die. But foreign labour generally tries to undersell that which is native, and the latter, grown jealous and indignant, has called upon its Deputies to tax the foreigners, and also to compel employers to pay the same wages all round. In France they are very free from the body of prejudices which we lump together under the name of political economy. They are Republicans, too, and, as we learn from America, Republicans usually take what seems to us an odd view of the Brotherhood of Man. Happily, England's withers are unwrung. Our people do not feel that either French wages or the French style of living are tempting, so that there are fewer of them in France than there are even of Germans. On the other hand, there are a good many Frenchmen earning a living in this country. What would they think if we proposed to put a special tax on them?

In Scotland they have discovered, not, however, for the first time, some specimens of that fearful-looking, but humanly speaking innocuous insect that is called the giant wasp. Undoubtedly it came from abroad in foreign timber, for it is an insect that lives in the trunks of trees during the larva stage; but it appears that it has become acclimatised, for it is said to have been found in the native fir stems in Peeblesshire and in the neighbourhood of Stobo. It has all the appearance of a creature with a cruel sting, for the female has a long ovipositor, which she uses for depositing her eggs in suitable holes in the trunks. This wasp is accordingly much feared by all who see it and do not know that it is harmless to man and incapable of stinging; but it is to be hoped that it will not increase and multiply, for the damage that the larvæ do to timber is very considerable.

The Scottish farmers, and in some measure the English farmers also, are having an anxious harvesting time, although the Scotsmen have a crop above the average to gather in. But the weather for the gathering has been very stormy, and deluges of rain must have fallen on many a cut crop, and rain and wind combined must have beaten flat many a crop as it was standing just ripe for the sickle. Over the greater part of the North there was a three days' storm almost at the end of August, and this year, being an earlier season than most, this date was just in the middle of wheat harvesting in many parts of Scotland.

There is great news from Dover. There is the fêting of the officers of the German war-boat Stein by the Corporation of Dover and by the Harbour Board, which has for chairman no less a person than the Premier. But there is greater news than this; and that is that the Corporation have received powers from Parliament to deal with (which we may suppose to imply to delete) the advertisements that are somewhat less than picturesque legends at present on the seaward cliffs. Sir Wollaston Knocker, who is the town clerk, reported the granting of these powers at a recent meeting of the Corporation, and we may shortly expect them to seek tenders from steeple-jacks and others who are experts at the "dreadful trade" for the scraping from the cliffs of the signs that offend the eye.

THE KING'S FLOCKS AND HERDS.—I.

IN subsequent numbers of this journal will be given, it is hoped, a fuller and more particular account of His Majesty's livestock, but for the present it will be enough to give some general impressions of Sandringham. That the King has been a great prize-winner is known to everybody, and occasionally farmers have been heard to say that although they liked to see him as Prince of Wales, and his mother, our late beloved Queen, interesting themselves in farming, still their resources were so large, that it were almost impossible for mere commoners to meet them on equal terms. But a visit to Sandringham shows there is no royal road to success in the show ring. It is not by mere wealth that the King has done so well, but by the practice of those homely virtues that the humblest of his subjects can put in operation equally well. We may take the story of the Shire stallion Anchorite to illustrate our meaning. He was purchased from the King by Lord Rothschild, whose property he now is, and visitors to the London Horse Show this year will remember how long the judges hesitated about the merits of the three claimants to the championship honours; and though Anchorite was eventually relegated to third place, in the opinion of many noted breeders he was reckoned an unequalled horse. But Anchorite was bred at Sandringham, a fact that speaks for itself. Moreover, his dam died after foaling, and he was hand-reared. It is pretty well known that he has a dreadful temper, and at Tring there is only one boy who can manage him; and once when Anchorite was



Copyright

THE UNBEATEN BABA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brought out to be photographed for this journal, he reared and came down even on this lad like a savage bulldog. The King's shire bailiff is well aware of this peculiarity, and says he never saw it happen otherwise—a hand-reared colt is always savage. Be that so or not, only the soundest judgment and the best management could produce so splendid an animal.



Copyright

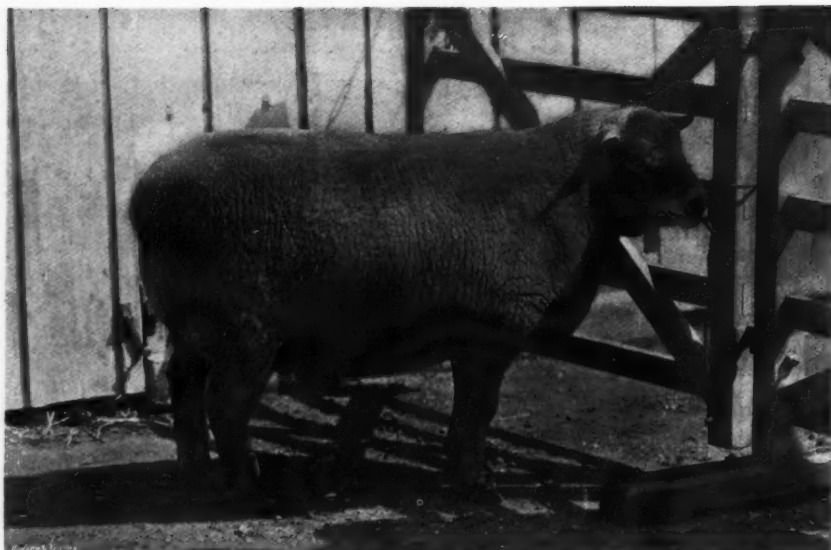
INTERIOR OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DAIRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

What strikes one most about the agricultural arrangements at Sandringham is their perfect homeliness. Some

exception might perhaps be made in regard to the dairy, which is exquisitely beautiful, as will be seen later when we illustrate it; but even there the same honest homeliness prevails. The work is done excellently, but without the fancy apparatus so often to be found in very smart dairies. Not even a separator is used, and the girl in charge is not a highly-trained dairymaid such as is

turned out from the colleges, or, rather, she was very highly-trained indeed, but in the old-fashioned way, by her mother. When the latter died, Queen Alexandra, with that kindness which is inherent in her nature, and has endeared her to the Norfolk poor, insisted on the daughter going on with the work. The girl had had but a couple of lessons, but has amply justified the Queen's choice, and turns out butter that will bear comparison with any that is to be seen in the British islands. But the secret of that is not deeply hid, since butter-making is no mystery. It depends on two virtues—absolute cleanliness and ceaseless attention. Looking at the milk cooling in open pans, the golden-hued butter, and the speckless surroundings, we could not help feeling that the dairymaid was as good as could be. Externally the dairy is beautiful, and internally it is elegant, yet no one could wish to see a simpler, homelier method in operation. The butter consumed at the Royal table owes its fine quality entirely to the exercise of skill and care. Even the cows have not been selected on account of pedigree, though they are fine Jerseys, mostly from Lord Rothschild's herd at Tring, but they are good milkers, and it were greatly to be desired that every dairy-farmer would exercise as much care as the King does in



Copyright

A PRIZE SOUTHDOWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

keeping accurate daily records of their yield. It is the same with the dairy farm-buildings and the cowsheds—they are plain and simply, quite good in every possible respect, but not at all showy.

At the place near Wolferton where the pedigree cattle are kept, and a few Shires to run on the marshes, there is the same feeling, as if one were only visiting a fine old-fashioned Norfolk homestead. It is not possible to show everything in photographs, and, in point of fact, what with the hot sun, the

wind, and the flies, it was most difficult to obtain satisfactory portraits of the animals. They would swish their tails—though whatever comfort was to be had from sponges and cold water was at their disposal—and in consequence one or two of the appendages came out as mere clouds and had to be painted in. Towards evening clouds came, and the light went out, or one would have liked to show a group of Highland steers in the yard. They were changing their coats, and therefore not quite at their best for our purpose, yet with their magnificent wild heads and horns they made a striking picture lying about among the straw. It is very obvious, however, that the King has been fortunate in securing very able men for his chief herdsmen. They are, like their surroundings, quite plain and homely, and speak in the broad Norfolk *patois*; but a very brief conversation was enough to disclose how keen and enthusiastic they are in all that pertains to the breeding and management of cattle. One had but to touch on any point of the subject to evoke a series of practical and well-informed observations. The men were even more interesting than the fine animals under their care. The buildings remain very much what they were when taken over, and they might still have belonged to a Norfolk farmer of the old sort.



Copyright

THE FARM BUILDINGS AT SANDRINGHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Very much the same thing may be said of the cottages: None looked so picturesque as to tempt one to take them, yet they have a solid appearance of comfort and substantiality that was still more in their favour. Norfolk is a county of no great repute with the farm labourer. Wages ever have had a tendency to run low throughout East Anglia, but there are no signs of poverty on the Sandringham estate. In Norfolk also have occurred



Copyright

LITTLE JOHN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

many instances of overcrowding and insufficient cottage accommodation, but they would be sought for in vain here. In regard to picturesqueness, some exception might perhaps be made in regard to the village of Deringham, which is a very short distance from Sandringham, and much of which belongs to the King. It contains several inns, and one, The Feathers, belongs to His Majesty, the post-master at the King's residence (where by a convenient arrangement the post-office is within the house) being the landlord. If comfort, cleanliness, and a moderate tariff are the qualities to be looked for in a good inn it is difficult to see how The Feathers could be surpassed. From Sandringham to it lies a beautiful Norfolk road, broad, with a wide grass border and an edging of plantation on either side, with views of a heathy marsh sloping gently to the sea, on which one can watch the incoming and outgoing of the tide. But whoever has visited Hunstanton, which is about five miles away, or gone to sleepy, ancient, picturesque Lynn, about nine miles, will need no description of the country, especially as the ruins of Castle Rising, a favourite scene of picnics, invite one to travel over it. But what we were about to say is that the village contains several quaint old houses built and roofed in a manner peculiar to the county, and has an ancient church and a graveyard, where the tall neglected grass waves over the humble graves of rustics, many of whom ploughed and sowed these fields before Sandringham was thought of as a Royal residence.

We dwell on these points chiefly for the reason that they must be interesting to all who would like to realise what a thoroughly rustic atmosphere the King breathes when he stays at the house which is peculiarly his home. It is not at all like those model estates near London that one cannot divest of a certain suburban air, due to the ease with which they are reached by a fast train. The traveller to Sandringham has no such advantage as this.

The King did not wish his thoroughbreds to be dealt with at the time when the series of articles of which this is the first was being prepared, but it was most interesting to see the Shires at Appleton. Here we have a very typical bit of Norfolkshire. There was an old ruined church on the ground when it was purchased, and all that is left of it has been carefully preserved and roses planted round, so that it forms a pleasing feature in the landscape. For some time the photographer was kept waiting, since a breeze was blowing the tree foliage hither and thither, and he had his camera fixed the while in a pasture wherein some of the grand Sandringham shorthorns were at graze. Of the stud itself more shall be said anon, but a word of commendation is deserved for the King's excellent custom of not allowing any high fee to be charged for the best of his stallions. It is true that an unusually large amount was asked for a very young horse during the last season, but that was done merely to limit the number of his mares. The King has a very lively sense of the advantage to a farmer of breeding and possessing pedigree cart horses, and, as is well known, has missed no opportunity of recommending the practice, and what he has said occasionally on platforms and on suitable occasions, he rigorously carries out in his own practice. Unless this be done the farmer, as a matter of fact, would have little inducement to improve the quality of his beasts of burden. There is no wagering or gambling connected with them, and therefore he has less chance of winning great prizes than with a thorough-bred, and in no case can

hope to obtain what is paid readily enough for the offspring of crack racers in a favourite stable. Unless the fees are moderate, therefore, he can have no inducement to breed pedigree horses. The King has always recognised this to be the case. As we hope to illustrate and describe the stud in some detail, nothing further need be said about it just now. We, in a sense, took the place by surprise, and the pictures very fairly represent the ordinary day-to-day condition of animals at the farms. It is a



Copyright

THE RUINED CHURCH AT APPLETON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wonderful place when one comes to think of it—so many varieties of breed are represented. With shorthorns it has almost become a tradition that the Royal Family should be in the first flight when not absolutely in front of all others, but the King possesses treasures of many other kinds. Baba, the charming little Dexter cow of whom we present a photograph, is growing very old now—she is, we believe, in her fourteenth year—but she holds

an unbeaten certificate, and a more perfect little milk cow never was calved. The bull of the same breed is not quite so good, though he promises to become the sire of much fine stock. Southdown sheep are not taken very seriously at Sandringham, but experts will readily admit that the one selected for photographing would have done credit to the choicest flock in England. At one time the King, whose agricultural tastes are very versatile, had a fine strain of pigs—middle-whites—but, for the time being, this branch of the breeder's art is not being prosecuted. The breeds to which most attention is devoted are Shire horses and shorthorn cattle, but it would not be possible to do justice to them except in an article specially devoted to the purpose. Our first object was only to give what we may call a bird's-eye view of Sandringham, and to indicate as far as possible the King's surroundings when he forgets about the Crown and assumes the rôle of a simple farmer.

ON THE GREEN.

BRAID and Taylor are too good for the sundry local professionals that they meet on tour. This is a fact that they establish more fully the further they go afield. After their visit to Nairn, noticed in last week's comments, the pair broke up their forces, and the weather broke up likewise. So it was in a storm of wind and rain that Taylor met Neaves at Lossiemouth on the Monday, and that Braid encountered Sayers at North Berwick on the same day. But at both places of meeting the result was the same—that no local knowledge made up to the resident for the greater guns that the visitor brought against him. Taylor beat Neaves very handsomely by some ten holes, and Braid served Sayers in much the same fashion. Sayers struggled gallantly for the major part of the first round, but the strain on him became a little too severe, and he broke up, like the weather, rather badly at the finish. He has been playing very fine golf for a good many years now, and perhaps it was asking just a little too much of him to meet Braid at the top of his game. There is always this to be borne in mind when looking at the results of these matches—that to the touring pair the particular match, at Nairn, Lossiemouth, North Berwick, or wherever it may be, is just in their ordinary daily routine. They are not troubled by any strain on the nerves. But with the local man it is rather different. He does not play matches of this kind every day. It is the match to which he has looked forward, for which he has practised, in which his chances have been discussed, for weeks before. All this brings him to the tee in a state of anxiety that the hardened tourists cannot suffer, and it is a point to be considered in their favour. At Hunstanton, where Braid met Kinnell on the Tuesday, the outcome was just the same. The visitor won quite easily, despite the strangeness of the course. A. H. Scott, of Elie, who makes the splice-necked clubs, had a very good round in a competition on a very bad day there. His score was 75, which brought him in an easy winner.

At Nairn, on the Saturday of last week, the present writer was fortunate enough to win the Cawdor Cup with a scratch score of 77, which does not compare very well with the 70 and 71 that Braid and Taylor managed. But the day was not quite so favourable, although good enough not to be grumbled at. These professionals are too good for the likes of us amateurs. After all it is natural. We may have the game very much at heart, but the professionals have it at stomach, for it means their bread and butter; and when the appeals of the heart and of the stomach come into competition, we know which organ cries out the more strongly. On the afternoon of the same day on which we played for the Cawdor Cup the honour fell to me, all unworthy, of a match with the lady-champion, Miss Graham, in which I had the misfortune to beat her at the last hole after a very good match. I gave odds of two-thirds, which is quite enough. Miss Graham does not drive so far, in my humble judgment, as some former champions of the ladies, but she is more steady, misses fewer strokes, and plays the short game better than any of them.

Perhaps I ought to except Mr. Hilton from the comments made just above

on the superiority of the professional to the amateur. None of those who play golf for the living seem to take much change out of him, and his record at the St. David's meeting in Wales shows him yet again capable of keeping up a sustained mechanical excellence of golf that is like that of the best professionals. But it is difficult to do justice to all. Mr. Ball has a bad shoulder, or perhaps he too should be excepted. And there may be others.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

PENGUINS AT HOME.

THE following short account of a visit to the home of the penguin may be of interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. I had recently the good fortune to be given permission to visit one of the many small islands off the south-west coast of Cape Colony, where the sea-birds are left entirely undisturbed, being strictly preserved by the Government for the sake of guano. Such a chance of



A PENGUIN'S NEST.

studying their habits was not to be lost by a lover of natural history, and I took it gladly.

We left Cape Town at 7 p.m. one lovely moonlight night in a small tug, which is used for conveying stores along the coast, and reached our destination in a few hours. Though it was midnight when we dropped anchor, and we were still some distance from the shore, the loud cries of the sea-birds and the overpowering smell of guano made it difficult for us to sleep, so we tossed about in our blankets, spread on the deck, and wished for the morning. We turned out at sunrise, and, after the inevitable cup of coffee, proceeded to explore the island, which is a low-lying sand-bank sparsely covered with a small scrub, and, with the exception of the lighthouse keepers and half-a-dozen boys who collect the eggs, is inhabited solely by birds, the great majority of which are penguins. These breed all over the island, and are to be seen in thousands, and in all stages of development, from the grave and reverend signior weighed down with family cares to the little ball of fluff, just escaped from the egg, and with all the troubles of life before it. The birds nest in holes, which they either take over from former tenants, or, if enterprising, dig for themselves.

The total number of eggs collected during the year is upwards of 600,000. In spite of their somewhat fishy flavour, they are much appreciated by the Malay population and many of the European residents of Cape Town, and command a ready market at 2d. a piece. The right of selling the eggs is leased by the Government to a private individual, who collects them all between the months of March, when the penguins begin to lay, and August, when they are allowed to sit and hatch out. In this way the breeding season is greatly lengthened, and, consequently, the birds remain much longer on the island, and the supply of the guano is correspondingly increased.

There is something grotesquely human about the older birds, with their dignified waddle and white waistcoats. *Papa, maman, et bébé* would start gravely down the beach to the sea, meet another family party, also bound for an early morning bathe, exchange salutations and the latest gossip, and make observations—I am afraid hardly complimentary—on the intruders. The whole scene reminded me strongly of the mixed bathing at a French watering-



"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED."

place in the height of the season. Being natives of South Africa, the birds displayed all the curiosity of the raw Kaffir, and calmly and unabashed walked up and stared us out of countenance, occasionally turning to each other to compare notes on our somewhat disreputable appearance.

One, more curious, or, perhaps, vindictive than the rest, edged away from his fellows, and vigorously tried the texture of my boots with his bill, and his venturesome action was received with loud applause by the crowd, and its performer became the hero of the hour. Unfortunately, our efforts at photography were marred by a heavy sea fog, which lasted during the greater part of our stay. It was only too soon that we heard the whistle of the steamer, warning us that it was time to bring our visit to an end, as one could have spent as many days as we were allowed hours in watching the quaint antics, mild flirtations, and occasional domestic dissensions of these most curious birds.



H. Moore.

LIKE A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE

Copyright

NOTABLE GARDENS: Hitherbury, Guildford.

ONE of the most beautiful forms of gardening concerns the rock and wall. As the illustrations in COUNTRY LIFE week by week reveal, there are many kinds of gardens, formal and otherwise, some the home of a thousand flowers, others planted with a few stereotyped things, which become wearisome through their constant repetition. Of late years, through an awakened interest in flower-life, water, wall, and rock gardens have given a new and delightful interest to the English home, and we are pleased to show how beautiful a garden of mountain flowers may become when intelligently designed and planted. Of course, a rock garden is not of alpine flowers only, as hardy plants of many kinds may be used with effect, but generally it is the alpine, the flower from the high mountain slopes, that one can use with happiest effect in the nooks and crannies of a well-conceived rock garden.

Hitherbury, Guildford, is the residence of Mr. H. Selfe Leonard, whose knowledge of alpine plants in particular is

familiar to all who have studied this race, and the accompanying illustrations show the delightful results of massing and so planting the most beautiful things as to achieve quite natural effects. The illustrations are in the nature of a rebuke to many who would strive to imitate the glorious alpine flora, and in place of rocks dashed with colour construct mere heaps of large stones, so arranged that growth is impossible, because little provision is made for soil or the nature of the things planted. It is not sufficient to merely build up the rocks to faithfully imitate on a small scale the great natural rock gardens of the world; those who would succeed must learn to know the plants themselves, their desires and dislikes, and in this way make failures unlikely.

The garden at Hitherbury is between three acres and four acres in extent, and faces east. When the spring flowers are in their fresh beauty it is a garden of colour. As the illustrations suggest, it is terraced, and plants grow with a freedom that makes envious those who are less happily placed, for the soil is



Copyright

BACK OF HOUSE AND ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very suitable for alpine and hardy plants, being of a calcareous nature; and as Mr. Leonard grows in profusion those things which relish this medium, the result is a picture not of colour merely, but of luxuriant growth. Plants that hate lime are of course absent, but they are few, and receive special consideration elsewhere, while no difficulty whatever is experienced in maintaining a succession of flowers from the late days of May until mid-September. It will surely encourage those who are timid of beginning, or have become disheartened through frequent failure, to know that Mr. Leonard made this rock garden himself, out of a sloping field, with assistance only from Pulham, who is responsible for the remarkably natural stonework. This is an example of what may be accomplished, upon a site having little or no natural advantage, by terracing, excavating, and liberal planting.

In a rock garden such as this there is nothing finicking, no irritating lumps of burr, burnt brick, or other equally objectionable disfigurements, but the effect is bold, rock upon rock, piled up in a way to permit rivers of bloom to flow over their edges or bejewel the little pathways running through here and there, perhaps a carpet of the white-flowered *Cerastium alpinum*, or of the



Copyright

A COLONY OF EDELWEISS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mossy pink-coloured phlox. Hitherbury is charmingly placed, and it was a happy thought to make this sloping meadow-land into a terrace of rock and flower. We do not remember a happier effect in a small place, or a place where so many interesting things are gathered together, not of rock flowers only, but of roses, *eremurus*, roses scrambling over a pergola in the lower part of the ground, sun roses, German

irises, and such shrubby things as the *Choisya ternata* (two plants, each fully 10ft. high), *Abutilon vitifolium*, and *Solanum jasminoides*, although these are accounted tender. Here on the west wall they are as happy as in any Devonshire valley, although the position is cold.

A rock garden is of interest apart from its beauty. It may become the home of so many things, and a collection can be represented in a small space, impossible in regard to things of larger growth. Every available foot of soil is taken advantage of at Hitherbury, and one can constantly add to the existing storehouse without a serious demand upon the purse. There are few cheaper ways of making a garden beautiful than by the careful choice of things that grow riotously in good soils—the mossy phloxes, the saxifrages, sedums, *cerastiums*, *aubrietias*,



Copyright

ROSES OVER PERGOLA, IRIS GROUPING ON THE LEFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

IN THE ROCK GARDEN AT HITHERBURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

alyssums, and many other things that splash the soil with colouring in the early spring months.

Mr. Leonard's hints about the times for planting may interest our readers. He says: "For the general run of herbaceous plants there is no better time than from August to November, and from February to April inclusive, but except during the hot summer months and the frosts of winter there is no month when the bulk may not, if in health, be transplanted. Even in the summer months, alpine or other dwarf plants may well be planted, either from pots, or (if they have to travel no great distance) with a good ball of earth round their roots, being well watered before and after removal. A whole season is often gained by thus planting instead of waiting until autumn."

We advise those who intend to make a rock garden to study carefully the accompanying illustrations, and if the residence is placed in a similar position, we think this making of a terracing of rock flowers—for it is nothing else at Hitherbury—a good way of beautifying the immediate surroundings of the house. The effect is wholly satisfying. In the lower parts of the grounds there are roses, climbers, and a host of interesting things too numerous to mention in a general description; and then one ascends to the house by rocky paths and

winding walks, splashes of colour on all sides, there a dash of purple over some mat of aubrietia, or brilliant yellow overhanging the stone margin, from the *Alyssum saxatile*, while a close study of the saxifrages and other plants shows many an exquisite jewel in some nook, exactly the position we know it desires for its surroundings, as a wilding, and many of the loveliest flowers in Nature belong to the mountains. Here are the rock pinks, *Dianthus*, in full beauty, the beautiful *Saxifraga Rhei*, or the silvery-tufted *S. longifolia*, the whole garden with a background of trees and foliage everywhere, to throw into relief the varied colouring embroidered over rock and rocky path.

It is interesting to know that several hybrids have been raised in this garden, especially a blood-red-flowered form of *Saxifraga Rhei*, and this year an alpine primula (a hybrid between

P. lindsayana and *P. auricula*), the flower of primrose colouring with rosy border, a new association of colour in this class.

Another feature of the rock garden at Hitherbury is an important one, and that is, everything must behave itself. A "rockery," unless carefully watched, especially if many very strong-growing plants are used, quickly becomes a tangle of growth, the stronger overruling the weaker, when many precious flowers are



Copyright

CYPRIPEDIUM SPECTABILE AT HITHERBURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

suffocated beyond restoration. This point is insisted upon in "The English Flower Garden," where the author says: "In the culture of alpine plants, the first consideration is that much difference exists among them as regards size and vigour. We have, on the one hand, a number of plants that merely require to be sown or planted in the roughest way to flourish—the common arabis and aubrietia, for example; but, on the other, there are many kinds, like *Gentiana verna*, and the primulas of the high Alps, which we rarely see in good health in gardens. It is as to the less vigorous species that advice is chiefly required. Nearly all the misfortunes which these little plants have met with in our gardens are due to a false conception of what a rock garden ought to be, and of what the alpine plant requires. It is too often thought that they will do best in our gardens if merely elevated on tiny heaps of stones and brick rubbish, such as we frequently see piled together and dignified by the name of 'rockwork.' Mountains are often 'bare,' and cliffs are usually devoid of soil; but we must not conclude that the choice jewellery of plant life scattered over the ribs of the mountains lives upon little more than the air and the melting snow! Where else can we find such a depth of stony soil as on the ridges of *débris* flanking some great glacier, stained with tufts of crimson rockfoil! Can we gauge the depth of that chink from which peep tufts of the beautiful little *Androsace helvetica*? No; for ages it has gathered the crumbling grit, into which the roots enter so far that nothing we carry can dig them out. And if we find plants growing apparently from mere cracks without soil, even then the roots simply search farther into the heart of the flaky rock, so that they are safer from want of moisture than in the best soil. . . . On level or sloping spots of ground in the Alps the earth is of great depth, and if it is not all earth in the common sense of the word, it is more suitable to the plants than what we commonly understand by that term. Stones of all sizes broken up with the soil, sand, and grit prevent evaporation; the roots lap round them and follow them down. In such positions they never suffer from want of moisture. It must be remembered that the continual disintegration of the rocks effected by frost, snow, and heavy rains in summer serves to earth up, so to speak, many alpine plants."

Here then in a few words we have hints that to well plant a rock garden a real knowledge of the individual plant is essential to future success, and if one is not willing to take this trouble, gardening is not a pastime to enjoy.

To return to Hitherbury, we have already mentioned that at no season of the year is the place desolate, even in winter, for then many saxifragas, sedums, and other plants are as beautiful as in their time of flowering; and anyone interested in choice auriculas, whether "show" or "alpine," will find a large collection, one of the most important in the country, a charming feature of the garden through the month of April.

Before beginning a rock garden, it is wise, whenever possible, to see one planned with rare judgment and filled with a host of the most appropriate and beautiful flowers. More may be learnt from the rock garden at Hitherbury in an hour than is possible from a mere descriptive article, as many good colour effects can be seen worth reproducing in one's own place. Rock gardening is in very truth a fascinating recreation; it has apparently no limit, and the gems of the mountain nook or



Copyright STEPS IN A HALF-WILD PLACE. "C.L."

cranny may be planted with the assurance of success when certain conditions are given. Even a little pathway or rough stone steps may be made gardens of flowers, jewelled with the sandworts, saxifragas, and many things of unpretentious beauty, but in themselves so exquisite that a daily visit to their haunts is seldom missed. Our advice is: Begin well; remember a rock garden is not a "rockery" of little stones or a representation of a mason's yard, but a reproduction of Nature's own alpine flower gardens, interesting for their variety of plants and bold display of colour.

Mr. Leonard is the owner of two hardy plant nurseries at Guildford and Compton, where alpinists and other rock plants are grown commercially. Two soils are thus available—chalk at Guildford, light sandy loam at Compton.

IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.



STANDING AT THE GATE.

HOW the years fly when their burden is lightened with generous intervals of sunshine! It seems so short a while ago that we sang our "Harvest Home," and now, already, the weird-looking apparatus on wheels, which the town-dweller is content to describe vaguely as "agricultural machinery," have become again common objects of the country roads. Extravagantly over-horsed the cutter seems as we see it STANDING AT THE GATE of some wide ripe field, and there may be little of the alertness of the hansom cabman in the movements of its driver, who, as he flings wide the gate, stands to take a comprehensive and leisurely survey of the work before him. "They don't over-work themselves in these parts," says the Cockney cyclist, as he whirls in dust past the two great horses standing with patient bulk before the under-sized machine, awaiting the slow order to swing round into the field of labour. Slow and easy, too, may seem the measured pace at which they drive the steady blade through the standing sainfoin, but it is no mean strain that the continuous tramp from horizon to horizon, in lines that grow so slowly shorter,

imposes even upon their thews of substance. Sore limbs, moreover, would be the lot of the city Jehu who essayed the cutter's iron seat over those uncompromising furrows through the long summer day. But sure, if slow, is the country's motto, and *AS THE CROP FALLS*, the great field of sainfoin that lay like a pink carpet over half a landscape dwindles to a small and smaller square patch of standing colour amid a speckled expanse where the levelled swathes lie in fresh-scented tangles on the ground. The East may boast its fields of amaranth, gleaming bright orange or glowing ruby red in vivid patchwork on the hills, its jungles of waving maize plumes, or its cool grey-green of opium-field flecked with snow-white chalices; but I doubt if the world's agriculture offers a prettier crop than the pink English sainfoin standing ripe and ready for the cutter.

When grain has to be harvested, the great farm-horses drag behind them a more pretentious machine, which even the Cockney cyclist views with some respect, so mysterious seem its windmill flails with rows of long wooden spikes, its great shield of curved metal, its long iron rods and straight row of jagged blades, like giant sharks' teeth beaten level. This is a machine which has too much the appearance of taking off a man's leg and sawing him in halves if he got mixed up in it to be treated with levity, and as the whirling blades go round and round and round the lessening field of standing grain, there is a swish and swirl of the falling sheaves that justifies the dignity of mechanical science applied to harvest work.

No mean task meets those strong-toothed blades as they hungrily chew their way into the standing wheat, vibrating incessantly to bite through the endless stream of stalks that the flail-arms sweep against their cutting edges. This you may see from the frequent halt for repairs in *THE HARVEST WORKSHOP*. Machinery plays so large a part on modern farms, and even the implements of ages, that no wit of man can improve in their main principles, have so much added mechanism in place of the wooden pegs and thongs of less tutored times, that every farm hand, as he graduates slowly from crow-scarer in his teens to teamster in mature life, learns



AS THE CROP FALLS

most of the rudiments of smith's work as a matter of daily practice. But for *SHARPENING THE LONG SAW BLADE* the simple file is used—hence the frequency with which you may pick up bits of broken files on farm land—and workman-like are those

horny hands as the steel splinters fly and the blunted edges of the cutting teeth gleam again, sharp-bevelled and hungry as before; and then the long blade is refitted, the strong horses bend their patient necks again, and the whirling flails revolve, while the long swathes fall in gathered heaps behind those inexorable jaws, till the westering sun gleams over another year's crop laid low.

And what a change comes over the country-side as, one after another, the squares of many colours in the chess-board landscape merge into mere variant shades of stubble. First the golden oats, then the

brown-ripe wheat and the flaxen barley; the pink-tinted sainfoin, lush lucerne with its bloom of blue, the rich and ruddy sweeps of clover land, with here perhaps a snowy acre of buckwheat, and there the yellow glory of a strip of rape, all fade, one after another, into unshaven stretches of dull ochre, tinted more with

brown or green, according as the crop which stood there dies with the harvest or grows again for another. But not all the change is unpleasant. Wide stretches of waving grain, billowing high from hedge to hedge, may have gladdened the agricultural eye; but it is when the low tide after harvest comes that the four-inch shallows of the stubble can be seen to be dotted with the clustering brown backs of strong coveys of partridges, and you may count the hares sitting up in full view, like scattered rocklets on the ribbed sea-sand. It is then that the rich gloss of waving mangolds and the cool blue-green of swedes tempt you, with easy short cuts across the harvested fields between, to walk down the rows and count your chances of September sport. The harvest may have been light and the straw short, but it has been gathered in splendid weather, and "the birds" are strong and many. So the year, with its faults and merits, will pass as others have passed: the reaper follows the



THE HARVEST WORKSHOP.



THE LADEN WAGGON.



SHARPENING THE LONG SAW BLADE.

sower, and the sportsman treads upon the reaper's tracks. Before the sport is ended the plough has ridged the land for another harvest, and before we are aware of it another harvest will be here. As the ploughshare chinks against the broken file in the furrow, does the ploughman recollect how he had stood there "in the harvest-field" watching the teeth of the reaper's blade grow clean-bevelled and keen again, and does the emptiness of his year's work strike him—"To plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farmer's boy"—because the crops are sown only to be cut and sown again, while the "farmer's boy" may grow to three score on the weekly wage that leaves so small a margin for the joys of life? Why should he? The only work which never palls is the work which never ends, but always brings a season's beginning with another season's ending. It may be work which bows the back, but it rests the mind, for the job is always ready to the hand, and its few rules are plain and straight as furrows on a well-ploughed field. So, if a touch of sadness comes to all of us as, with advancing years, we stand in the harvest-field and think of harvests long ago, it is not because the cycles of the years fulfil themselves in vain, but because our own harvest-time approaches, and the best of us know that we too are lighter in ear and shorter in stalk than the hopes of seedtime promised. Ah, well! harvest is harvest, and that which is grown is what the soil and the seed and the season and the care of the husbandman have made it; and if it is not of the best, neither is it the worst. Even we, who are coming to harvest, have had our summer.

E. KAY ROBINSON.

SOME HISTORY OF . . . THE RED GROUSE.

NATURAL history, so far, at least, as the red grouse is concerned, is bounded on one side by obscurity, and on the other by some 20,000 shooters who betake themselves to the moors every year in August. To the latter, natural history as it is written is mostly an uninteresting list of names and nothing more, and it has long been recognised that if one wants to learn the characteristics and the habits of a bird or beast the text-books on natural history are not sure finds for what is wanted. The natural history of the grouse as a sporting bird almost begins with Colonel Thornton's Highland tour in 1803. It is true that a much greater man also made a tour of the Highlands considerably earlier than this, in 1773, and afterwards wrote a dictionary, in which we learn that oats are corn, on which they feed men in Scotland and horses in England. But with the exception of telling us that muir-fowl are plentiful everywhere, Dr. Johnson is a useless study to either the naturalist or the sportsman. Colonel Thornton, however, would have been truly the father of writers on the fowling-piece had he not allowed himself to be too easily deceived or attempted too often to deceive others. As he is, however, we have to accept and make the most of him, and there is plenty of food for reflection

in those facts of his that pass without challenge, because there is no possible reason for exaggeration.

When dealing with the Gordon Castle moors, which afterwards became so famous as the birthplace of the Gordon setters, Colonel Thornton has a good deal to say about the satisfaction given by his own dogs, but never a word about the Duke's. But he reports then that the grouse are said by the local people to collect in the winter into packs numbering thousands, and as he remarks that he cannot speak to it himself (for he was not there in the winter), he may be believed as handing down a bit of local information which is of great value. First, it proves that in the heart of the Highlands grouse packed as early as 1803, and, second, that they were numerous enough to collect in thousands, that is, they must have been quite as numerous then as they are in a first-rate year now.

Colonel Thornton did not care to make large bags—at least, like Charles St. John, he says so; and even if he did, he was not equipped for it, for he shot mostly with a single barrel, and considered double guns mere playthings. However, on one occasion he records a "right and left" with the plaything, but it is rather doubtful whether a man who had to change his flint for five consecutive shots was much more deadly than Little John would have been with his archery.

I saw the other day that a sporting acquaintance had written to the *Morning Post*, giving it as his opinion that grouse must have been more plentiful half a century ago than now. He held this opinion because he had read a private letter dated August 15th, 1846, in which reference was made to the fine sport obtained at Dalnaspidal, in Perthshire. It stated that in the year named five guns shot 460 brace of grouse on that moor on August 12th, and that one of them killed 180, and another of the five 190, brace respectively. A statement of this kind, even if it is not questioned for accuracy (and they are all round numbers), would not prove greater quantities of grouse than exist this year, when only 191½ brace were killed on the same moor by six guns. It would be much nearer the mark to say that the grouse were very much tamer than is the case now, and that the majority of those flushed could be bagged by a good sportsman and a good shot. The difference which has occurred in my own time is that when a grouse is flushed to a dog's point the other birds of the brood did not, but now do, rise simultaneously. That makes all the difference to bag filling. But St. John, who was in the Highlands in 1846, 1847, and 1848, spoke of the disease "which of late years has committed such havoc among these birds in certain districts," including, to all appearances, both 1846 and 1847, as he wrote in 1848, so that it is very curious that this big bag should have been made in a year which, according to so accurate an observer, was a year of disease. He speaks of having shot diseased birds himself and picked up others, but whether this was 1846 or 1847, his "Field Notes of the Year" do not clearly indicate.

The biggest bags, shot over dogs, on record are those of Colonel Campbell of 222 brace, and in 1872, much after the other record, 220 brace by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh; so that there is nothing improbable about the 190 brace to one gun at Dalnaspidal, one of the best moors in Perthshire. But it must not be supposed that the Maharajah went to work in the Highland fashion. He brought Indian notions, and put them in practice by setting to work several dog handlers at one time, and riding from point to point. Moreover, the grouse were driven in besides by other men to the ground to be worked. By 1872, in the Aberfeldy district, where this bag was made, grouse were learning to take very good care of themselves; they did not as a rule rise singly, but altogether on the first flush; but the fact that birds had been driven in would imply a large number of scattered grouse, and no doubt these were what really made the big bags over dogs possible so late in the century. Be that as it may, nobody this year has killed anything like 100 brace to his own gun, not, probably, because grouse are scarcer than they were formerly, but simply because they are wilder. This year I have heard of nothing larger than 105 brace of grouse to two guns shooting over dogs.

It will be extraordinary if the Mackintosh has not another surprise in store for us this season. His best day last year was 807 brace of grouse to ten guns, so that driving grouse in Scotland has not caught up the old bags per man by a long way. One thousand three hundred and twenty-four brace of grouse is the best nine-gun or any other day's bag made in England or anywhere else, and even that does not come up to the number killed per gun over dogs in former times. Nevertheless, the late Sir Fred Milbank and Lord Walsingham have both distanced any day's bag that was ever made over dogs, the former by killing 728 grouse as one amongst a party of shooters, and the latter by killing 1,056 grouse when shooting alone.

But although Scotland has not yet outstripped the dog bags per gun, there is no doubt that driving and straight shooting make the size of the bag depend almost entirely upon the woodcraft of the manager of the beat, and it would not imply great success in preservation half as much as good generalship in the attack if a driving bag were to average 200 brace per gun.

When Colonel Thornton was in the Highlands anybody might take grouse anywhere, and it was not until forty-five years afterwards that St. John wrote: "The rage for grouse shooting, at present so great, is not likely to change, like many other fashions. The fine air, the freedom, the scenery, and all the other *agréments* accompanying this amusement must always make it the most fascinating kind of sport in the way of shooting which the British Isles or indeed almost any country can afford. The bird, too, in beauty and game-like appearance, is not to be equalled. In fact as long as grouse and heather exist, and the nature of man is imbued with the same love of sport and manly exercise as it now is, grouse shooting will be one of our favourite relaxations from the graver cares of life." Written in 1848. This is every word of it more true now than it was then; the author could never have suspected how true when he wrote it, for at that time only the best of grouse shootings made good rent, and St. John stated that these were about equal to the sheep pasture rents on the same moors. How much the latter would fall owing to the Australian wool and how much the former would increase in value could not have been suspected at that time by anybody. Fortunes have been made between then and now by sportsmen who have taken long leases of barren moorland, and, dividing their shooting into three or four, have erected a shooting-box on each at their own cost, and not only got their money back, but a very handsome profit besides.

Under these circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that many attempts have been made not only to improve grouse ground so as to make it bear more heather and carry more grouse, but also that other people who have heather-clad hills, but no grouse on them, should have attempted to introduce the birds. One of the largest useless tracts of heather in the country is Dartmoor, which, if it carried grouse, would probably be worth some thousands a year for its sporting rights, in addition to the trivial sum that licences now produce. As the majority of it is in the Duchy of Cornwall, it cannot be wondered that the King, when Prince of Wales, made an attempt to introduce grouse to Sandringham, and probably if this had been successful it might have been followed by

another trial of the birds on Dartmoor, for attempts have been previously made there; but the grouse did not increase and multiply at Sandringham, although they bred there. Why they did not increase is doubtful; probably because they were not shot, and the old birds were not got rid of, which latter is necessary everywhere if the stock is to increase.

This is mere speculation, but the fact remains that neither at Sandringham nor anywhere else in these islands have grouse been introduced and become plentiful. Where they were from time immemorial, there they are now, and nowhere else. The most valuable game bird in the British islands has refused to be introduced, and he has declined to add 5s. an acre rental value to almost useless land. Everybody is ready to talk about improving the carrying power of grouse moors, and to experiment in draining, heather burning, and watering moors that appear to want these things done to them; but what throws a doubt on the assistance of man is that he has been unable to create a grouse moor out of good peat and heather anywhere in the British islands. Yet the birds have been reared artificially, even without the assistance of heather, and it is well known that the old birds will eat and thrive on almost any kind of food, so hard are they. St. John found them living on green and empty oat-shells when the heather was bad, and the late Mr. Dunbar told me that he had found them eating seaweed on the seashore when the snow covered their own heather ground.

One of the morning papers reports that what we have been unable to do has been done in several places in Germany, and also in Belgium, where some eight years ago M. Herrfeldt introduced grouse at Malmédy. These, it is said, have done well, not only there, but have spread and been seen and shot in widely different parts of the country. So, indeed, have the great bustards introduced at Elvedon, near Thetford, by Lord Walsingham, but it will not be safe to say they are established again in this country on that slender evidence. At any rate, when M. Herrfeldt records a 50-lb. bag of grouse he may be certain of imitators in the country of origin of the red grouse. We are not too proud to learn. But the curious fact that there are no black game in Ireland, and that every attempt to introduce them has failed, reminds us that although we may deserve success we cannot command it.

ARGUS OLIVE.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

LILY NOTES.

SEPTEMBER is the great Lily month. The fragrant *L. candidum* has long since faded, and the Lilies of the summer months are, of course, over, but the beautiful *L. Henryi*, the Tiger Lilies, *L. speciosum* and its varieties, and many other interesting species, are in beauty. The September garden owes most of its splendour to the Lily, and when well grouped, with suitable background, the Tiger Lily in particular gives splendid effects. This year there has been much talk about Lilies. A most interesting conference has been held in the Chiswick garden of the Royal Horticultural Society, at which many beautiful groups were displayed, one in particular, from the well-known Lily grower, Mr. Wallace of Colchester, being of especial interest. A book about the family which will shortly appear will prove of much value also to those who contemplate planting largely this autumn. Of course, the important point is to grow the plants amid appropriate surroundings. The authority just mentioned says: "An ideal spot for Lilies would be an open forest glade with a small stream running through it, near the banks of which the North American peat and moisture loving Lilies would flourish, and higher up, away from the water, clumps of *L. auratum*, *L. washingtonianum*, *L. Humboldtii*, *L. giganteum*, and all our finest species, would readily grow." It is a mistake to crowd Lilies in a border, we mean to jumble them up with many other things. A border planted with a bit of everything is interesting for the many things shown, but it is soulless. There is a want of repose, of simple beauty, and therefore of picturesque and satisfying effect. Lilies are best among shrubs in quiet groups. One of England's best landscape gardeners applies this rule to Lilies of white, pink, lemon-yellow, or other tender colourings, not so much to those that have scarlet and orange flowers. These are admirable in combination with many other garden flowers in the mixed border and various garden spaces.

The white Lily also, which loves sunlight, is so old a garden flower, and seems so naturally to accompany the Cabbage Roses and late Dutch Honey-suckle, and other old garden flowers of the early days of July, that one must allow that its place in our gardens is in combination with the other old favourites. The garden artist alluded to says also that if it were a question of preparing a place for the purest pleasure in the enjoyment of Lily beauty, it might be best arranged in some cool, sheltered, leafy place; some shady bay in woodland close to, though removed from, the garden proper. It should be in a place that was fairly moist yet well drained, where the Lilies would rise from ground rather thickly grouped with hardy Ferns, low bushes, and plants of good foliage. The value of rather close shelter of tree and bush can scarcely be overrated, for the outlying branches of the near bushes protect young Lily growths from the later frosts that are so harmful, and the encircling trees, not near enough to rob at the root or

overhang at the top, but so near as to afford passing shade and to stop all violence of wind, give just the protection that suits them best. It is a great advantage to have the Lilies in so well sheltered a place that they need not be staked, for staking deprives the plant of one of its beautiful ways—that of swaying to the movement of the breeze. It would scarcely be believed by anyone who had not watched unstaked Lilies how variously and diversely graceful are their natural movements. If they are tied up to stakes, all this is necessarily lost, as is also the naturally dignified and yet dainty poise of the whole plant.

PLANTING LILIES.

This is a most important point, and little understood. Spring is apparently the favourite time to plant, but autumn is the season for planting almost all kinds. It is essential, also, to put the bulbs at the proper depth, and also to protect them from spring frosts, a subject we shall touch upon at the proper season. A rule is to plant the bulb three times its own depth, but there are exceptions. One in particular is the case of *L. giganteum*, which must only be just underground. It is interesting to know, and important also, that Lilies have two ways of throwing out roots. Some of them, including *L. candidum* and all the Martagons, root only at the base of the bulb. In a great number the bulb makes its first growth by the help of the roots from its base, known as basal roots, but as soon as the stems begin to rise it throws out a fresh set from the stem itself, above the point where it comes out of the bulb. These are the roots that feed the later growth of the stem and flowers. It follows that if one of these Lilies is planted only just underground, the stem roots will push out above ground, and, finding no nourishment, the growth of the plant will be checked. But if these stem roots are well underground and their strong growth is further encouraged by the rich manure that is recommended, and by frequent waterings in dry days of spring and early summer, the stem roots can do their duty in supplying the stem and flowers with the needful nourishment.

MANURE FOR BULBS LONG PLANTED.

Many readers seem perplexed as to the way to treat bulbs that have been long in the ground in one place. Lifting is not desired, and yet flowers of normal size and colouring are wished for. "E. S.," for instance, writes: "I have a border in which there are a great quantity of bulbs, mostly of the Narcissus tribe. They may have been planted four or five years. I have often read that bulbs should be transplanted every two or three years, but as this would be next to impossible with me, I should be glad to know whether liquid farmyard manure given to them now would do equal well, as I think the bulbs are not too crowded as yet." This is a sample of several letters received lately, and therefore we answer it in this column. We do not advise giving liquid manure to bulbs at this season, as they have only just begun to make fresh roots. The proper time to give liquid manure to bulbs is in the spring, after buds have appeared, and even then it must be used with discretion. The object in transplanting bulbs every two or three years is to obtain plenty of fine flowers. If left for four or five years, the number of blooms generally becomes less, and they are smaller in size. When, however, the soil is good, the subsoil retentive, and the clumps not too close together, they may be left for many years. We should advise breaking up the crust of the soil well with a hoe in the early spring and now, that is, if it is known where the bulbs are. Reckless breaking up means chopping the bulbs in bits.

We think the following list of

Lilies that root from the stem as well as from the bulb, and therefore require deep planting, will be useful:

<i>L. auratum</i> (including all varieties and the fine Japanese hybrid <i>L. a. Alexandrie</i> .)	<i>L. elegans</i>
<i>L. Batemanii</i>	<i>L. Hansoni</i>
<i>L. Brownii</i>	<i>L. Henryi</i>
<i>L. croceum</i>	<i>L. Kramerii</i>
<i>L. Dalhousii</i>	<i>L. longiflorum</i>
	<i>L. nepalense</i>
	<i>L. speciosum</i>
	<i>L. tigrinum</i>

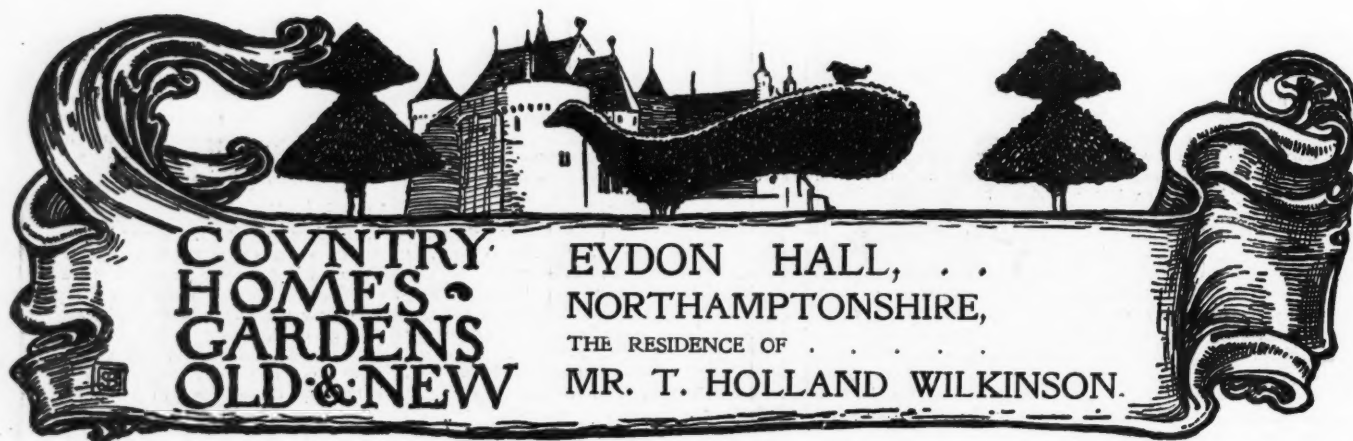
The following Lilies root from the bulb only, and must not be planted so deep:

<i>L. canadense</i>	<i>L. Martagon</i>
<i>L. candidum</i>	<i>L. pardalinum</i>
<i>L. chalcidonicum</i>	<i>L. pomponium</i>
<i>L. excelsum</i>	<i>L. superbium</i>
<i>L. giganteum</i>	<i>L. szovitzianum</i>
<i>L. Grayi</i>	<i>L. washingtonianum</i>
<i>L. Humboldtii</i>	

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Bulbs: Messrs. Clibran and Son, Altrincham, Manchester. Daffodils and Rare Tulips: Mr. Baylor, Hartland, Cornwall. Carnations and Novelties: Messrs. William Cutbush and Sons, Highgate, N.



Richard N. Speaight, 178, Regent Street.
THE LADIES BLANCHE AND DIANA SOMERSET.



THE county of Northampton is famed, as one writer has said, for its "spires and squires," and has been styled by old Norden "The Herald's Garden," so plentifully is it stored with county seats and the residences of the great. Not a few of these have been illustrated in these pages. Burghley and Althorp are perhaps the most famous, but Castle Ashby and Rockingham are almost as notable. At Milton they show the tree under which Wolsey sat; there is Drayton, the home of the De Veres, the Mordaunts, the Germaines, and the Stopfords; Apethorpe, where King James met the youthful George Villiers; and, besides, many an old mansion and picturesque residence of the gentlemen of Northamptonshire adorning that favoured shire. The district in which Eydon Hall lies is also one full of history. At Edgecote House, three or four miles away, Queen Elizabeth stayed in August, 1572, and there Charles I. with his two sons was the guest of Mr. Toby Chauncy on the night before the battle of Edgehill. On neighbouring Dunsmoor a great battle was fought long before between the Saxons and Danes, in 914, and in 1469, on the same spot, there was a sanguinary engagement between the partisans of Edward IV. and a body of insurgents, in which the former were defeated, and the Earl of Pembroke with his two brothers and eight other gentlemen captured and taken to Banbury to

be beheaded. Sulgrave and Wormleighton, the ancient homes of the Washingtons, are also in this neighbourhood, with many other historic places.

The visitor to Eydon Hall has therefore a great deal to interest him in its surroundings, while the country itself is one of singularly varied beauty, where the townsman would think it pleasant to rest *in remote gramine*. The seat of Viscount Valentia, which is now occupied by Mr. Wilkinson, stands on a gentle eminence to the south-east of the ancient village of Eydon, which lies amid the trees and is a remarkably pretty place with many old houses, possessing besides a fine church with transition Norman portions, but which owes much of its perfection to a restoration made in 1865, when the south aisle and porch were added as memorials of the Reverend Charles A. F. Annesley of Eydon Hall. The present mansion represents an older structure, and was raised by the family of Annesley, now Viscounts Valentia, about the year 1780, the design being by Lewis, and the structure is certainly imposing and characteristic. The actual builder was the Rev. Francis Annesley, second son of Francis Annesley, Esq., of Bletchington Park, Oxford, which is now the principal seat of Lord Valentia. The style is Italian, being a free adaptation of classic character, with elaborated and enriched Ionic columns supporting a floreated entablature, crowned with a balustrade.





GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—EYDON HALL: THE SUNKEN FLOWER GARDEN.

Copyright

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ORANGERY AND SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Such a structure must needs be imposing, and to many more attractive than if it had been invested with the simple severity of the pure classic style upon which it is based.

The situation is advantageous because of the slope which lies below, giving many opportunities to the skilful hand of the garden designer. There is, indeed, an ascent upon every side, and from the windows very fine views are commanded over parts of the counties of Northampton and Warwick, in the foreground being the beautiful gardens and richly wooded park of the house itself. There is extraordinary variety of foliage, and sylvan grace and richness are everywhere. Evidently the skilful hand of the planter worked here with knowledge and foresight, and thus the house at the present day owes very much to those who have gone before. The fir trees are particularly numerous, and lend their grey and sober charm to the delightful walk we depict,

and offer a marked contrast to the evergreen and other trees which more closely neighbour the house. It will be noticed that the garden is upon several levels, and that here, again, an excellent use has been made of a fine opportunity. The low walls which divide the levels give shelter to a multitude of summer flowers, and below, with the sundial and fishpond for a centre, is an enriched but formal arrangement. Still another descent brings us to the sunk garden, which is a realm of floral delight. Indeed, the two great charms of the place are its wealth of blossom and its extraordinary richness of foliage.

The gardens have been described as interesting and formed in the French style. By this is meant that views have been opened out by cutting through groups of trees, thus forming such vistas as are seen in the "Bosquet de Bacchus" and other pictures of Watteau. In these arrangements fine taste has been

displayed, and the garden at Eydon may be taken as an illustration of what may be accomplished by those whose estates are in the pleasant neighbourhood of rich and ornamental woods. There is unity in the variety of the place, and each part has a charm of its own. Cardinal Newman, writing of "Knowledge—Its own End," spoke well where he said that everything has its own perfection, be it higher or lower in the scale of things; and the perfection of one not being the perfection of another. "Things animate, inanimate, visible, invisible, all are good in their kind and have a best of themselves, which is an object of pursuit. Why do you take such pains with your garden or park? You see to your walks, and turf, and shrubberies; to your trees and drives; not as if you meant to make an orchard of the one, or corn or pasture land of the other, but because there is a special beauty in all that is goodly, in wood, water, plain,



Copyright

THE LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—A FISH POND AT EYDON HALL.

and slope, brought all together by art into one shape, and grouped into one whole." This is a true lesson for the garden maker—the lesson of perfection in diversity and unity in variety. We think that the creator of the gardens at Eydon Hall was inspired by this thought, and certainly in every part of the achievement there is a beauty that will not elude those who have our pictures before them, while supreme satisfaction awaits those who are privileged to visit the place. Therefore, Eydon Hall has a lesson, being an exemplar of many fine and goodly things.

THE SIGN OF THE ANGLE.

THE members of our little Angle Club were somewhat sharply divided into those who considered salmon fishing to be the sport *par excellence*—"The sport of Kings," as some enthusiasts have been heard to call it, although I believe that phrase was first used by the immortal Jorrocks in praise of his own particular pursuit of fox-hunting—and those who gave preference to angling for the trout, and especially to that finest development of the art which is known as dry-fly fishing, and is followed for the most part on the chalk streams of Hampshire. Professor Fleg, our president, was the chief of those who argued in favour of the superiority of the angling for the bigger fish, and was a tower of strength to his own side, by virtue of his subtlety and charming ironical humour in argument.

"There is no moment in life, my dear sir," the Professor would maintain, "that equals in its ecstasy that moment at which you first feel the purposeful tug of the salmon that has your hook fast fastened in its jaw."



Copyright

THE FIR WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"And that, professor, I will grant you well," Dr. Boyd used to answer, who, although a Scotsman, and therefore a sunk-fly fisherman by nature, had become most enthusiastic as a dry-fly fisher through adoption and grace and the accident of his residence on the Hampshire borders. "I grant you," he would say, "that in the first rush the salmon is dangerous and exciting. He may make a stronger rush, he will take you out more line than any trout, but when all that is done, what is the next act? It is a tug of war; it is 'pull devil, pull baker' with yourself and the salmon. There is no art in it—no art."

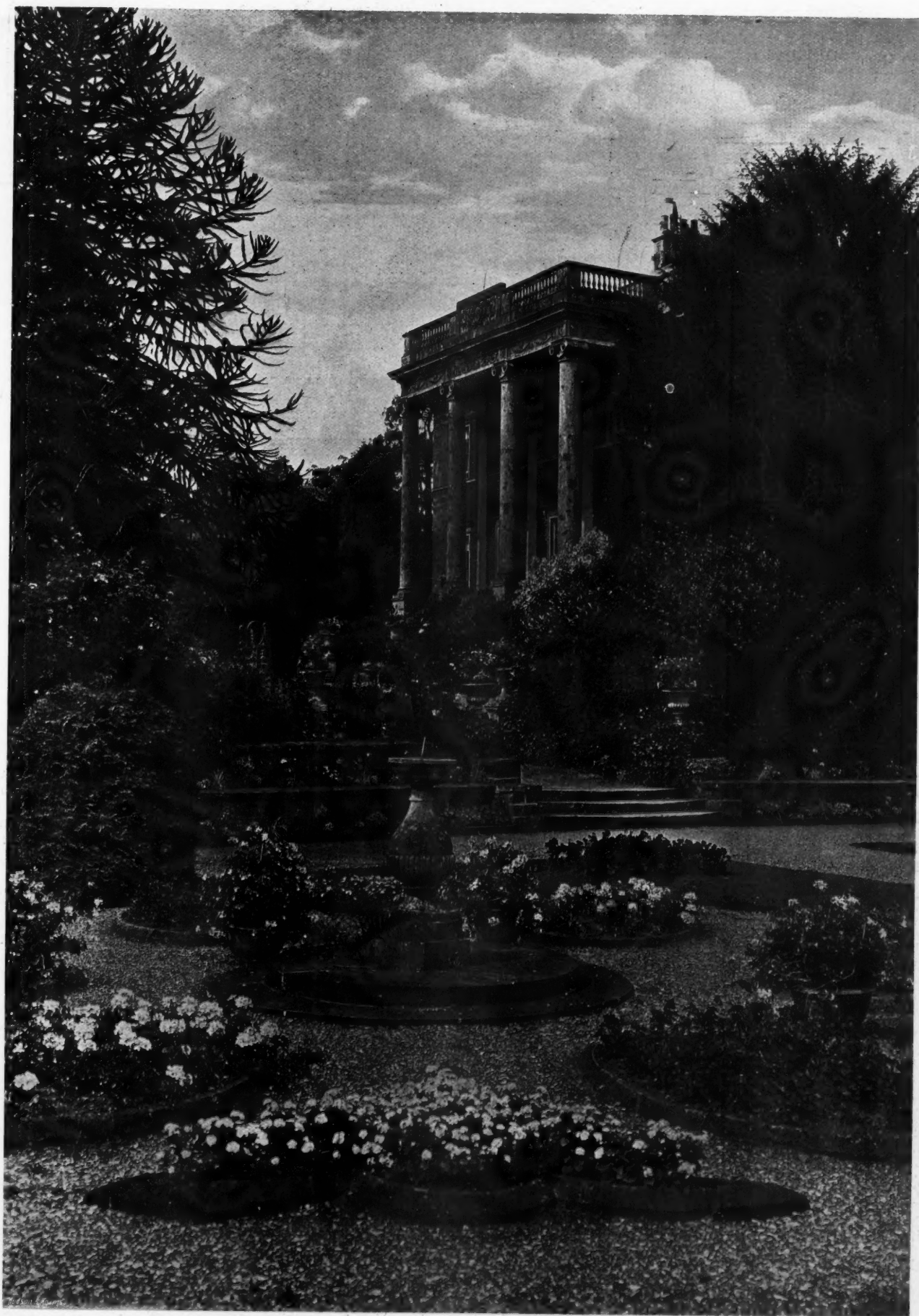
"There are circumstances, are there not, my dear sir," the Professor asked, "in which a salmon fisher requires art enough to land his fish? Even are there circumstances that defeat his skill. We have had singularly interesting stories, round this very table, of the devices adopted by the angler for dealing with



Copyright

THE FLOWER WALK AT EYDON HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—EYDON HALL: MIDDAY BY THE SUNDIAL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

a sullen or sulking fish. We have heard of the bunch of keys let down by the split ring to run along the line and jingle on the salmon's head. Most entertaining stories have been told."

"And I'd no be sayin' that the stories are no true," Dr. Boyd remarked. "For if that were the line that we should take, it would check the story telling no little, as I'm thinking. But this I will say—that as for letting the keys down to jingle about the salmon's head, that's all well enough as conjuring tricks and so forth, but it's nothing to do in the world with the clever handling of a fish on tender tackle. That's where the art comes in, where ye have the big fish and the little tackle, and that's what ye do not have in the salmon fishing."

"But, my dear sir," the Professor urged, "surely you will allow me that the tackle is broken many a time by a salmon angler, even by the most skillful. How then will you say that there is no scope for the tender handling?"

"No when the gut's strong and all's right—that is unless mischance happens, and the line cuts on a rock. I will ask ye, professor, if a Tay gillie catches a salmon, what way does he work him? He pulls at him with all his force, like a man pulling a donkey from a bale of hay."

"May I ask you, my dear sir," the Professor responded,



Copyright

THE SHIPWRECK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

your strong salmon tackle there should be nae fear in life of breaking it when ye can put on nae mair than two or three pounds weight—that is to say, not half the weight that the tackle itself, a good bit of salmon gut, will carry."

"Pardon me a moment," the Professor answered him. "I said, I think, that something less than three pounds was the utmost force that the angler by a steady strain could apply. It was far from my intention to suggest that a heavy salmon, jumping, it may be, from the water, was able to apply no more."

"But when the fish jumps a man must lower the point of the rod to loose the strain. That is a point well known, I fancy, both with the trout or salmon."

"True, my dear sir, very true," the Professor said again; "and it is in that circumstance, amongst others, that the skill of the angler is tried in playing the fish; but I would also ask you to consider that, even so, it is not always possible for the most skillful to relax the strain on the line. Should the fish have run out a long length of line, especially if the stream runs strongly, then

this length of drowned line itself in the water gives the fish a great purchase to work against when it makes the jump, without any resistance from the rod at all. Is the point not clear?"

"Aye, that is clear, that is clear, professor," the Scotsman



Copyright

FLOWERS IN THE SUNK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"what amount of force you imagine can be applied by an eighteen foot salmon rod of the ordinary strength at the end of a salmon line?"

"The weight it would pull on a dynamometer, d'ye mean, professor?"

"Exactly so."

The Scotsman hesitated awhile before replying. "Nae doot," he said cautiously, "it's less than a man would think. Aye, less than he would think. Well, I would say, then, nae mair than aboot ten pounds."

"Something a little over two and a-half pounds, my dear sir," the Professor answered, with a quiet confidence that carried with it some conviction; "something between two and a-half and three pounds, varying a little with different rods."

"Dear me, dear me," said the other: "you surprise me. Is it indeed the fact?"

"And therefore you see, my dear sir, that with all the force that the strongest Tay gillie may apply, there is still some room left for no little skill in bringing to land with such instruments a fish, maybe, of a weight of forty or fifty pounds."

The Scot was a little puzzled for the moment how to frame his reply; but in a brief space decided to shift his ground a little, and answered cheerfully enough.

"Aye, aye, professor, and that just brings ye to the point of my own argument, that with



Copyright

EYDON HALL: THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

"C.L."

admitted with reluctance; "and may be in this point ye hae the better of me with your salmon. But I will ask ye this: Does the salmon at the end of the strong line give the anxiety, aye, the terrible anxiety, of the three-pounder trout that ye have to steer with your fine gut clear of the weeds, the bank, and so forth? Na, na, professor."

"And the salmon angler, my dear sir, must he not needs steer his fish clear of the rocks and snags and boulders?"

"Well, well, may be; but then he may use all his force with him, for, as ye say yourself, he can put nae mair on him than the line can carry, with fifty per cent. to spare. And then I will ask ye this: Is the throwing into the stream and letting the fly come round as it will down stream, to compare with the skill of marking your trout as he rises, and throwing your fly just over his nose to come down over him in the clear water? Na, na, again, professor."

"As to that point," Mr. Fleg replied, "I must confess that I an with you. I am at one with you on that aspect of the case. For the skill of hooking the one fish or the other I must agree with you that the hooking of the trout in your chalk streams demands by far a finer art than the hooking of the salmon in the rapid water. I grant you the point."

The Scot swelled with pride in the triumph of his victory.

"But I should ask you, my dear sir," the Professor said, mildly, "to consider our premises. We did not set out, I believe, on this Socratic discussion to discover whether there were the greater skill in the angling for the salmon or the trout, but whether there were the more delight to be found in the one pursuit or the other. For delight, as I presume, we shall all admit to be the final object of our angling?"

"Well, I believe I must concede ye that, professor."

"And that being so, my dear sir, I would maintain that nothing that your trout stream, your trout, nor your trout tackle has to give you is to be put into comparison with the screech of the reel and the tug of the rod as the salmon goes, with the first spur of the hook in his mouth, down a hundred yards or more of rushing river. It is excitement of touch, of sound, of sight, of every possible sensation, such as takes from you for the moment your very breath. The pulses cease to beat for the instant in the ecstasy of the joy; then the arrested blood flows back more strongly than ever to repair the momentary loss. Ah, my friend," said the Professor, who was stirred for the single instant out of the habitual calm repose of his manner, "these are the moments comparable to none other in the life of a man; these are the moments that only a salmon, and never the biggest trout of the most pellucid chalk stream, ever can give; these are the moments that we shall remember at the close of life."

The reverential manner in which our president spoke these last words was worthy to be had in remembrance. It impressed his opponent very strongly, and for a minute he had no reply to

make. Then he said: "Ah, well, I must give ye that, professor. I must give ye those that I will call the violent delights and the fearful liberties that the salmon seems to take with the circulation of your blood. I will allow to ye that the trout does na' interfere with the pulses in any such serious degree. But this I will say, that for the delights of the contemplative man there is a pleasure in your Lowland-water meadows that you will hardly find in your Highland burns. It is a different kind of pleasure, may be, but it is a verra real pleasure, and of a fine intellectual quality. And then I will say to ye this—that there is a pleasure in the stalking of a trout rising on a still chalk stream, as if ye were stalking a great stag on the forest. There is a pleasure in the stalking, and then there is a pleasure in the casting of the fly so delicately to float down over the nose of him. All this there is, professor, that your salmon fishing does not give, with all the liberties that it plays with your circulatory system. There are none of those violent, and, as ye describe them, professor, those dangerous delights. Na, na, the trootie gives ye a peace and quietness. He is the fellow for the contemplative man's pursuit."

"Yet at times, my dear sir, it is exceedingly good for the man of contemplation to be stirred out of his contemplative moods and given the tonic delight of these moments of excessive sensation."

"Aye, aye, professor, for your dull Sassenach blood. But for the Scot, that is all fire and enthusiasm by his nature, it is good to have the soothing influences of the Lowland pastures and the all-sufficient excitement of the trootie held on the single gut—the delicate manipulation, and the rest of it."

"The conclusion of the whole matter, then, my dear Doctor, we may take to be this—that it is good for the fiery Scot, as you are pleased to call him, to come down to the Lowlands and fish the chalk streams of Hampshire, while the Southerner should go to the Highlands and have his dull blood stirred by the salmon-catching on a rushing mountain stream."

"Aye, if it please ye, we will leave it at the allopathic conclusion, professor."

"And we may borrow this maxim, too, from your pharisaicopeia; that what's one man's meat is another's poison, or that the same manner of fishing will not suit every man."

"A good thing, is it not, Professor? If we had Hampshire overrun with all the salmon-fishers, or the Highlands by the men of the dry-fly, we should have the United Kingdom like a battlefield, with the landing-net and the gaff for weapons."

"An excellent suggestion, my dear sir, for a modern modification of the ancient combats of the *retiarii*," said the professor.

Whereat we all laughed, and sate nervously till somebody saved the situation by changing the subject of conversation, for none of us knew what kind of fish *retiarii* might be, yet all of us were too subtle to give ourselves away by asking.

GILES IN LUCK.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

GILES MAIDMENT sat in the middle of the ward, his hands crossed on his stick, while his fellow-inmates gathered together in knots and stared at him, some curiously, some enviously, some a little regretfully, though all were ready to wish him God Speed when the moment of parting came.

By a strange turn of Fortune's wheel Giles Maidment, the oldest inmate of Branstion Union, who had in truth for twenty years known no other home, now found himself, at the age of seventy-eight, a comparatively wealthy man. A distant relative, a relative so distant indeed that Giles had been unaware of his existence, had recently died intestate, and Giles proved to be his next of kin.

It had taken him some time to grasp the situation, and to understand that he was now free to live where he would, in a position of comfort, not to say affluence. Everybody had taken him in hand, however; the master had ordered a brand-new suit of clothes for him; the matron had engaged rooms in the village, and had put him under the charge of his future landlady, who was a motherly sort of woman, and could be trusted to look after him; the clergyman had given him much kind advice, and many friendly warnings, and at length the old man found himself ready to depart. He was now in fact only waiting to say good-bye to the matron before turning his back for ever on the bare room where he had spent so many monotonous hours.

The prospect ought surely to have elated him, yet his face wore a very blank expression as he sat awaiting the expected summons; his new clothes felt strange and stiff, the high collar of his fine white shirt hurt his neck, his shiny new boots pinched his feet, the knobby handle of his massive umbrella was not so

comfortable to grasp as the familiar crook of his battered old stick.

"First turn at the end of the lane, then third house on the right, and ax for Mrs. Tapper," he repeated to himself from time to time. "First turn, and third house—e-es I can mind it right enough—third house and ax for Mrs. Tapper."

"'Tis a pity," said someone for the fortieth time that day, "'tis a pity, Mr. Maidment, as you aint got no folks o' your own. Ah, 'tis a pity sure. 'Twould ha' been more cheerful like if you'd ha' been going home."

"E-es," agreed Giles, also for the fortieth time, "e-es I'd 'low it would, but I aint had no folk—there! I can scarce mind when I had any. I never so much as heerd the name o' this 'ere chap what has left me his fortin'. Never heerd his name—never so much as knowed he were born."

"Dear to be sure! It seems strange, don't it? And him to leave ye his money and all. I wonder where ye'll go, Mr. Maidment. P'raps ye'll go to Lunnon?"

"To Lunnon?" gasped Giles, his jaw dropping. "What should I go to Lunnon for?"

"Oh! I don't know—ye can go where ye like, d'ye see. I reckon I'd go to Lunnon if I was in your shoes."

"Would 'ee?" queried Giles, interested, but still aghast. "Nay now, ye see, I never was one for travellin'—I've never been so far as Darchester, not once all the time I were—" he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"outside."

"Well, your lodgin' be only took on trial, so to speak, to see how ye do like it," said another man. "Ye can change it so soon as ye please, and move here and there just as ye fancy. A fine life—I'd give summat to be you."

"I never was one for movin' much," said the old man,

uneasily. "Nay, movin' weren't in my line. I did use to work for the same master pretty near all my life, till I were took bad wi' the rheumatiz. E-es, he were a good master to I. I could be fain to see en again, but he's dead, they tell me, and the family shifted. There bain't nobody out yonder as I ever had acquaintance wi' in the wold times. Nay, all 'ull be new, and a bit strange."

"A pleasant change, I should think," a gruff man was beginning—an unattractive fellow this, with a week-old beard and a frowning brow, when an old man, who had been sitting disconsolately in the corner of the room, suddenly struck in:

"Id' 'low, Giles, ye'll be like to miss we when ye're all among strangers, Id' 'low ye will. E-es, ye'll be like to miss we just so much as us'll miss you."

Giles roiled his eyes towards him with a startled expression, but said nothing for a moment or two, then he remarked, in a somewhat dolorous tone:

"Id' 'low I'll miss you, Jim; you and me has sat side by side this fifteen year—'tis fifteen year, bain't it, since ye come?"

"Ah! fifteen year," agreed Jim. "I'll be the wolest inmate in th' Union when you do leave."

"E-es, Jim, thee 'ull be gettin' all the buns and all the baccy now," cried one of the others, laughing. "He'll have to stand up and say 'Good mornin' to the gentry when they comes round, and tell his age, and how long he've a-been here, and all. Id' 'low he'll do it just so well as you."

Giles gazed at the speaker frowningly; he did not seem to like the idea, but if he meditated a retort he was prevented from uttering it by the advent of a messenger from the matron, which was the signal for his own departure. He stood up, and went shuffling from one to the other of his former cronies, shaking hands with them all, but without speaking. He gripped Jim's hand the hardest, and pumped it up and down for so long a time that the messenger grew impatient; and then he went stumbling along the passage, and down the stone stairs to the door, where the master and matron both stood awaiting him. He received the money which had been placed in the master's hand for his actual needs, and scraped his rickety old foot, and pulled his forelock, after a forgotten fashion, as he listened to their kindly words. Then they, too, shook hands with him, and accompanied him to the gate, looking after the feeble old figure until it disappeared.

"I do hope Mrs. Tapper will look after him," said the matron. "He's no more fit to take care of himself than a baby."

Giles tottered on down the hill, his eyes roaming vaguely over the landscape, which was looking its fairest on this mellow June afternoon. Yonder rolled the downs, all golden green in the light of the sinking sun, nearer at hand lay the meadows, a very sheet of buttercup gold, every leaf and twig of the hedgerow was a-glitter, too—all Nature it seemed had arrayed itself in splendour to correspond with the old pauper's sudden access of wealth. Not that any such fancy crossed his dazed mind. As he shuffled along he thought of how he had walked this way last year, with Jim at his side, on one of their rare outings. They had, in fact, been on their way to the parsonage, and Jim, who had been a farm labourer in a previous state of existence, had called his attention to the "fora'dness" of the potatoes which were growing where the hay grew now.

Giles paused mechanically, and gazed at the billowing grass, and then he went on a little, and stopped again at the next gap in the hedge, where Jim had pointed out the splendid view of Branston.

"I could wish," he muttered, as he turned away, "we was goin' to tea at the rectory now."

Further down the road was a bench where it was the old paupers' custom to sit awhile on their return journey before beginning the steep ascent of the hill; Giles sat stiffly down now, and once more stared about him. By and by the town clock struck seven and he instinctively rose to his feet, and began hurriedly to retrace his steps, but he pulled himself up of a sudden.

"Seven o'clock! It 'ud seem more nat'ral to be goin' up along. I was nigh forgettin' I be comed away! Mrs. Tapper 'ull think I bain't a-comin' if I don't hurry up."

This time he made up his mind to continue his journey without further interruptions, and very soon arrived at the end of the lane, and even at the third house on the right, where he was duly received by Mrs. Tapper. She was most civil, not to say respectful, called him "Sir" and "Mr. Maidment," hustled her children out of his way, installed him in the elbow-chair in the corner, and waited upon him at tea-time as though he had been a gentleman born.

At first Giles rather enjoyed it, but presently the feeling of loneliness and strangeness, against which he had been struggling all day, returned with redoubled force; and when he was finally ushered into his clean tidy little room, and Mrs. Tapper, after calling his attention to the various preparations she had made for his comfort, left him to himself, he sat down on the side of the bed and groaned aloud.

They would just about be "turnin' in" at the Union, and Jim, laying himself down on the pallet next to his, would be making the time-honoured joke about the absence of spring mattresses and feather beds, with which he was usually wont to regale the other inmates at this hour. As Giles turned down the spotless lavender-scented sheets he thought longingly of the Workhouse twill.

A week later Giles was permitted to visit his former friends, laden with such a store of buns and baccy as would have ensured his welcome, even had not most of his cronies been genuinely glad to see him.

"Dear heart alive!" cried Jim, receiving his modicum of twist with a delighted chuckle, "these be new times, these be. Who'd ever ha' thought o' Giles Maidment walkin' in like a lard wi' presents for us all?"

But Giles was looking round with a foolish wavering sort of smile.

"It d' seem real homely in here," he remarked. "Ah! it do fur sure. There be the papers as us'al, I see—I do miss papers awful out yonder."

"Why to be sure," cried one of the younger men, "you can buy 'em for yourself now. I'm blowed if I wouldn't have all the papers as comes out if I was you."

"I did go to a shop onst," said the old man, "and I did ax, but they didn't seem able to gi' me the right 'uns. 'I want pictur's o' the snow and folks huntin' and that,' says I. 'Not this time o' year,' says the young lady; 'them's in Christmas numbers.' 'That's what I've bin used to,' says I. 'Well, we can order 'em for you,' says she, but I couldn't mind the names. I knowed one did begin 'G—r—a—p—' so I did ax if they had one about 'Grape—summat,' and they did give I the *Gardener*, an' that was what they did call it; but there weren't no pictur's in it at all, only flowers and mowing machines and sich-like."

"Why, ye mean the *Graphic*," cried someone with a laugh; "no wonder the maid couldn't make out what you was a-drivin' at."

But Giles did not heed him; he was gazing hungrily at the greasy pack of cards which lay on the deal table.

"It d' seem a martial sight of time since I've had a game," he exclaimed. "Light up, Jim; you and me 'ull jist have time for one afore tea."

When the bell rang for this last-named meal Giles rose with the rest, and was preparing to walk with them down the well-known stairs, when he was astonished by receiving an invitation to tea with no less a person than the matron herself.

He smoothed his hair with the palm of his hands, pulled up his shirt collar, and followed the messenger with an odd mixture of pride and reluctance. It was no doubt highly gratifying to be thus honoured before all his former mates, but he was conscious of a secret yearning to sit down once more in the old place and munch his allotted portion of bread and cheese with a friend at either elbow.

The matron received him cordially.

"Come in, Mr. Maidment, and sit down; I am glad to have an opportunity of chatting with you. It would never do for you to have tea with the others now, you know."

"No, to be sure," agreed Giles, blankly.

"Well, and how are you, Mr. Maidment? Most comfortable and happy, Mrs. Tapper tells me."

"E-es, mum," returned Giles, mournfully.

"Sugar and milk, Mr. Maidment?"

"Thankee, mum, I likes it best pure naked. I'd be thankful to 'ee, mum, if 'ee wouldn't call me Mr. Maidment; it don't seem nat'ral li-e."

"Perhaps not," agreed the matron, with a kindly laugh. "Well, Giles—I'll say Giles, then—Giles, do you know that you are quite a remarkable person? They have been writing about you in the papers. 'A lucky pauper,' they call you."

"Have they now, mum?" returned Maidment, staring at her over the rim of his cup.

"Yes, indeed, and people have been writing to me to know the particulars. 'Tis not often, you see, such a stroke of good fortune befalls an inmate of the Union."

"I s'pose not," he agreed, between two gulps of tea.

The matron continued to speak in this congratulatory vein while the old man ate and drank; but though he occasionally muttered a word or two which would seem to endorse her statements, his countenance was far from wearing the joyful self-satisfied expression which she anticipated.

All at once he pushed away plate and cup.

"Mum," he said, "if I mid make so bold I'd like to say summat. I've been a-thinkin'—couldn't I come back here?"

"Here!" echoed she in astonishment. "Here! to the Workhouse?"

Giles nodded.

"Why, are you not happy at Mrs. Tapper's?"

"E-es, oh e-es, I haven't got no fault to find wi' she nor naught; but I—I'd like the Union best."

"Well, but you see, my dear Giles, the Union is meant for people who cannot live anywhere else. You have got plenty of money now, and—"

"I'd be willin' to pay," said Giles;

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the matron.

The old man looked at her stolidly, but made no further remark.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say," she went on, after a pause. "I don't suppose such a thing has ever been heard of—I'm sure the guardians would never allow it."

"I'd pay handsome," said Giles. "You ax 'em, mum."

"Well, I will if you like; but don't you think you are very foolish? There you are, a man of property, who can hold up your head with the best, and pay your way, and you want to come back here among a lot of miserable paupers."

"I've a-been twenty year here," observed Giles, making the statement in a dispassionate tone. "I know 'em all here, and I'm used to the ways. I couldn't never get used to no other ways, and no other folks. I'd sooner bide, mum, if ye'd ax 'em to let me. I'd not give no trouble—no more'n I ever did, an' I'd pay for my keep."

"Well, well," said the matron, staring at him in puzzled amazement.

"Can I go up to 'em again for a bit?" queried the old man. "Me and Jim was in the middle of a game."

"Oh! yes, you can go up to them."

He rose, scraped his leg and pulled his forelock, as usual, and backed out of the room, leaving his fine new hat on the ground beside his chair.

Coming upon it presently, the matron decided to return it herself to the owner; perhaps she was a little curious to see how he comported himself among his mates.

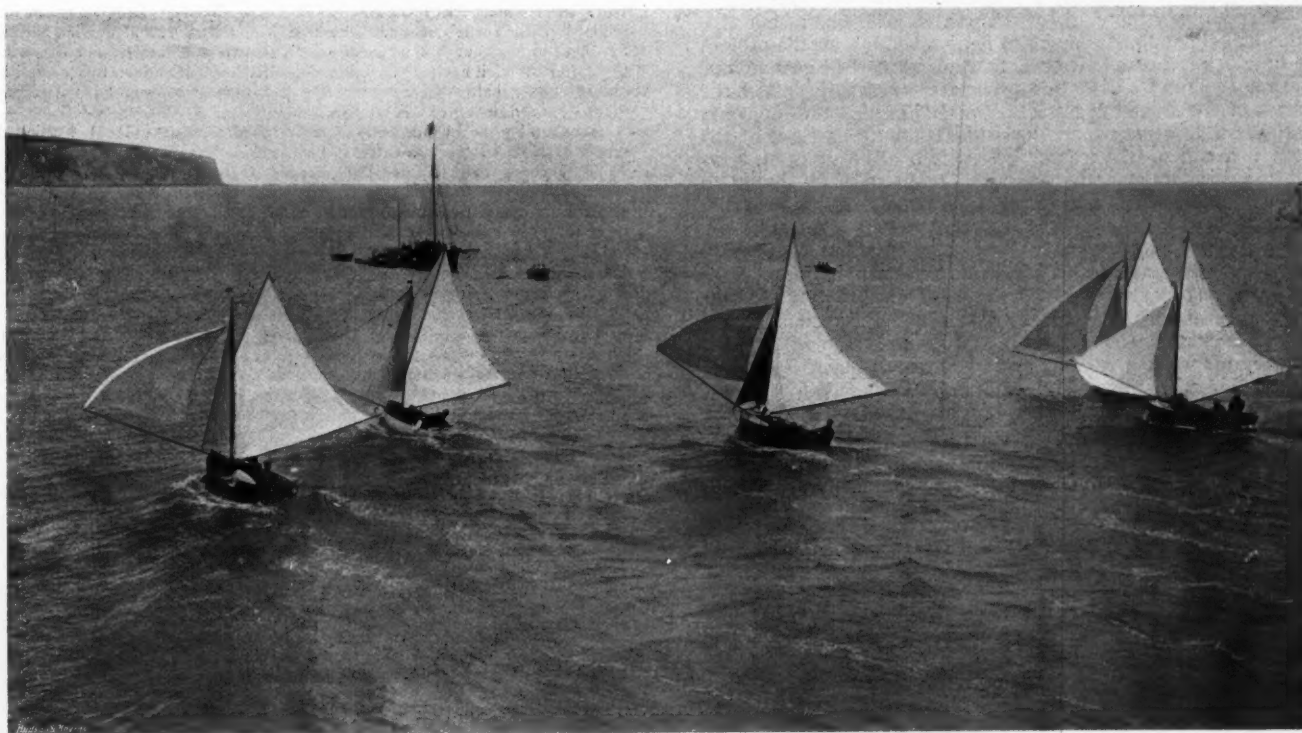
She opened the door of the old men's ward so quietly that no one noticed her entrance; the room was full of tobacco smoke, and the inmates were sitting or standing about as usual. Giles sat in his old corner, with Jim opposite to him; both had removed their coats, and the grizzled heads were bent together over the battered cards.

"You be in luck, Jim," Giles exclaimed as the matron closed the door. "You've turned up a Jack!"

THE LAST OF THE ISLAND REGATTAS.

IF a schoolboy were to render *Transiit æstas quam cito* into "The cricket season is soon over," the penalties, to say nought of the pains, would probably be out of all proportion to the offence. For it would only be a free—and easy—translation, after all, conveying quite intelligibly the spirit, if not the letter, of the writer's meaning. Summer, indeed, is soon past, and with it we leave behind summer sports

sailing races of the most interesting description. The competitors here belong to a style of vessel unfamiliar—as a type—to yachtsmen who only know the Solent and Southampton Water. There is nothing of the "skimming dish" about Minydon or White Ladye, or any of the other boats that appear in the illustrations. It is, in fact, a real relief to see such boats in a cruisers' race—the two named are pleasure-boats



W. A. Rouch.

A PRETTY RACE.

Copyright

and summer games. Where shooting is to be had, it is already no more than a memory, whilst evidence of autumn's approach is afforded by the appearance in COUNTRY LIFE of photographs depicting scenes at Sandown Bay Regatta.

Sandown is the last of the Island regattas, and if the plain, unvarnished truth be known, this year's gathering was not over-fortunate. That is to say, it was unlucky in its weather, against the inclemency of which no man, not even the Meteorological Office authorities, can guard. And this is what happened: In the first place a postponement of four days was found to be necessary; in the second, the clear sky of the early morning, which many—quite excusably—took as portending a fine day for the sailing matches and various other sports, only flattered to deceive, so that the afternoon's programme, both ashore and afloat, had to be worked out to the accompaniment of intermittent showers of rain, which, when evening came, culminated in a steady down-pour. These are conditions which, it need scarcely be explained, do not conduce to the perfect enjoyment of seaside festivities. But, despite the damper thus put upon open-air amusements on shore, visitors were able to witness across the bay a series of

belonging to the neighbourhood—after seeing a while back and on the other side of the Island a batch of outclassed racing machines handicapped with genuine cruisers. And here, *par parenthèse*, it may be asked whether the photograph of DIAMOND JUBILEE BLANKETING WHITE LADY is not unique. For it must not be overlooked that the list of competitors in this race (which was for twenty-six-footers) included such names as Shamrock II., as well as Diamond Jubilee. Seriously, though, the finish of this race was very close indeed, as the difference between the winner and runner-up was not, as a matter of fact, more than 9sec. White Ladye was only launched last July, and is probably the fastest boat of her kind round the Island. Diamond Jubilee won a race at Cowes recently, but White Ladye has always beaten her since. More excitement was in store when, after several ladies' sculling races, boys' swimming competitions, and so forth, were done with, the time came for the start of the FIFTEEN-FOOTERS. It was A PRETTY RACE between the five, and the honours of the day certainly rested with the Dart. She was admirably handled, and won rather easily in the end. Another Shamrock figured among her rivals, but had to put up with second place. It is to be hoped that this is not an evil



W. A. Rouch. DIAMOND JUBILEE BLANKETING WHITE LADYE.

Copyright

omen! Then more rowing races, duck hunts, polo matches, and canoe contests, making up a grand total of fourteen events. That such a long programme should have been worked through without a hitch of any kind, is a distinct feather in somebody's cap—certainly not the clerk of the weather's! The responsible parties have undoubtedly much to be thanked for, for the prompt way in which the successive events were despatched gave no one any time to brood. And this promptness is really one of the features of the Island regattas. The Bembridge meetings are invariably well arranged, and for small boats the east end of the Wight is a capital playground. Vessels of deep draught, however, are wise to give the Island shore (from Ryde round to Sandown and Ventnor) a wide berth, as shoals are disagreeably frequent.

Bembridge is fortunate in one respect; that is to say, it does not suffer, as does Ryde, from an enormous number of paddle-wheel steamers, which in the neighbourhood of the latter place ply to and fro between the Island and the mainland, and keep the anchorage, such as it is, in a continual state of turmoil. One does not realise how quiet and peaceful a spot Sandown, Bembridge, or Sea View is, until one has been forced by circumstances to spend a day on Ryde Pier or on board a yacht adjacent to it. In spite of drawbacks, however, there is almost always something "going on" in the little Island, and that to a great extent accounts for the popularity of the little places already referred to. Thus, though standing about in drizzling rain is not cheerful, the scene at Sandown on regatta day was never for a moment dull, and in spite of everything elemental tending towards a spoiling of the sport, nothing of the kind has it been our misfortune to record.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WE are very glad to welcome "The Life-History of British Serpents and their Local Distribution in the British Islands" (Blackwood), by Gerald R. Leighton, M.D. And such small criticisms as we have to make may be got rid of at once. They are, first, that the title is rather too sounding. We have three snakes, the ring snake, the smooth snake, and the adder. Serpent has by usage come to designate only the larger snakes. Next, there is a certain "amateurishness" in the putting together of the book; a great deal is, in fact, merely raw material not properly reduced to shape by the author. No doubt something is gained in the way of authenticity, but it is at the expense of style, and the book has an air of scrappiness that

is not agreeable. To this fault-finding it may possibly be deemed a sufficient answer that the book is chiefly intended for field naturalists, who are not, as a rule, sticklers for literary form. Certainly, on the other hand, the most hostile critic will be forced to admit that Dr. Leighton has done his work with a thoroughness leaving nothing to be desired. He has practically exhausted the subject. Many people will wonder, however, what Mr. Tegetmeier will say to him, for Dr. Leighton, greatly daring, has taken the side of those who hold that the adder swallows or can swallow her young. He has not seen the act performed himself, but he brings forward credible witnesses, and demonstrates that the feat is not anatomically impossible, while it is known with certainty that at least one species of venomous snake swallows her young ones. He makes out a very strong case indeed, and shows, too, that there is nothing wonderful in the reward offered by Mr. Tegetmeier to anyone proving the fact never having been claimed. It is given to few people to see an adder at all, and to see this act could only come as a wonderful bit of luck to the closest observer. We most cordially recommend such of our readers as are interested in snakes to obtain the work, from which we now proceed to make a few quotations for the amusement of the general reader. The following story proves that it is by no means impossible for the young adders to live for a short time in the stomach of their parent. Dr. Leighton gives it on the authority of a correspondent.

"I had a small ring snake, about 20in. long, this year (1900), which was kept in the same case as a very large specimen, and one day I put a full-grown frog in the case, intending it for the large snake. The smaller one, however, immediately seized the frog, and after some difficulty swallowed it. I distinctly heard the frog croak in the snake several minutes after it had been swallowed. In a quarter of an hour or so the frog was disgorged all but the head, which was retained in the snake's mouth. The frog was still alive, and did its best to free itself from its unpleasant predicament, but without success, and the snake began to swallow it again. This process took about half-an-hour to accomplish, and in another half-hour (after the frog had been swallowed for the second time) I could hear it give a faint croak."

Concerning the quaint superstitions attached to snakes, Dr. Leighton has several good anecdotes from letters of his friends. Here is one:

"A young lady told me the other day that she once saw a large adder in the garden. She called a servant, who said, 'Wait till I get a spider, miss, and if I can get it to crawl over the adder, it (i.e., the adder) will get so angry that it will burst to bits directly.' However, the spider was obstinate, and refused to perform. The idea, it seems, is quite general in some of the districts about here."

The following is quite as interesting:

"The superstition is that 'about mid-summer-eve it is usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that by joining heads together and hissing a kind of bubble is formed, which the rest, by continued hissing, blow on till it quite passes through the body, and then it immediately hardens, and resembles a glass ring, which whoever finds shall prosper in his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called Gleinau Nadroeth—in English, "snake-stones" ('Antiquities of Cornwall,' by Borlase). I have heard of similar stories in Denbighshire. A variety of this superstition is found in the Vale of Glamorgan, where the idea is that when the reptiles congregate they kill one of their species, and weave or make on the dead serpent's tail a small ball. The snakes are said to be very fierce during the operation, and the victim is supposed to give vent to shrieks of agony. Here, as elsewhere, the snake-stone is regarded as a charm, and as bringing good luck to the possessor."



W. A. Rouch.

FIFTEEN-FOOTERS.

Copyright

Ménie Muriel Dowie's new novel, "Love and His Mask" (Heinemann) is good, and even first-rate, yet the reader need not be very old or very wise to remain unconvinced by the moral it enforces. If one had not previously considered the problem it is written to illustrate, or had been brought face to face in reality with it, and left it unsolved and uncertain, Mrs. Norman has succeeded in making one see the matter steadily and see it whole. Briefly, her problem is of the simplest, though it may be complicated by human perversity. Has a woman to marry for sympathy of mind and the realisation of her highest ideals of good-fellowship and beauty of character in the man, or has she to obey a primitive instinct called love, and despise the attractions of intellect and affinity? In the first place, Mrs. Norman draws too hard a line, which even a conversation between the heroine and her lady friend on the two sides of the question fails to present in a moderate light. If to obtain anything good in this world it is necessary to be seated in the mean, surely this most vital of all decisions that go to make a woman should be particularly distinguished by moderation. It seems fated that marriage, as regards the true union it signifies, becomes less simple during the educating process of women's brains, which produces complications unheard of in former generations, and it is surely obvious that to revert to the dictates of pure passion—Mrs. Norman's doctrine—grows more and more impossible and manifestly absurd. We do not want to retrograde, and, if women are to go forward, nothing that denies the necessity for their spiritual ascendancy should be given a hearing. Mrs. Norman hints that women must make love a nobler force, but the tale ends with the defeat of the higher, the triumph of the purely feminine. This she would call the natural, and extol Nature perhaps. Unfortunately, however delightful Amaryliss and Daphnis, we, having pledged ourselves to civilisation, have to follow her and bravely recognise we are in an older, sadder world, and in every step we take must be careful to guard what good intellectual advancement has given us. To women in this matter above all lies their honour, their own personal honour, and in them the fate of the peoples of the world is bound up. Slowly, and with pain, the race moves forward, and we may turn back yearning eyes to a golden age only to realise more fully that its simplicity is not for us, and the direct voices of passion which echo from it must become fainter as we submit to or rejoice in the more subtle forces that reveal the soul. A great naturalist believed that a whole world of ideas lay outside our ken, a whole-souled life that we but vaguely apprehend now, so with immeasurable possibilities before us we may be certain in this, which is not a small but a very great question, that any *conscious* reversal is criminal. No one can deny that improvements in the relation of the sexes are necessary, and that the impetus must come from the aspiration and devotion of woman to her own sex. And that, as Nature has ordained, finally resolves itself into no merely sexual conflict, but means the glorification of humanity through perfect love. It is to women this work has been entrusted, and it is to the divine in them that future generations cry for help if we can imagine with Maeterlinck the unborn souls fleeing about among us. We who love them want the little children of the days to come endowed with fairer attributes than came to us. We do not want them to spring from the union of unintelligent atoms who wish to love like animals. Because one "wants" anything it is not to be supposed it is good for one. We were not given the capacity of godlike reason to rust in us unused, and that it should be slighted in marriage is surely the most painful and blinded plea to put forward in this twentieth century. It is not only that Mrs. Norman scorns the minor sympathies—and do not we live on earth, and being of it need their comfort and help every day?—but she totally excludes the necessities of sympathy arising from the larger workings of the soul in those hours when we have to face the eternal. To whom then would her supersensitive heroine turn? It would never be to that man who held her senses in thrall alone, and in love's closest moments never touched her soul. And in thinking over this scheme of simplicity one sees it has missed that entirely, and with it its purity and beauty, and prepared a way for satiety and despair. The law of physical attraction is always there in a greater or less degree, but when Browning summed up the possibility and gain

of life as the chance of learning love, he was not reducing us to the early and narrow conception of it, but showing how therein lies the only lesson worth learning that discovers the depth and width and height of our natures. Even then it becomes no merely personal education, key as it is to the individual's relation to the universe, but, like genius illumining the darkness in which we move, its radiance and energy cannot be concealed, and in some form or other are transmitted to others, and become a positive spiritual heritage to the future. Though Mrs. Norman does not bring it in, it is the "woman question" and no more her problem, and we say that the newly-awakened conscience may not be trifled with in regard to the cry forward of the mind, and love is none the less glorious because it has to be prepared for the sterner paths of latter-day needs and aspirations.

We get so accustomed to find the latter-day novel merely a few vignettes of smart society in a setting of feeble narrative, that it is refreshing to come across a book like "A Modern Slave Dealer" (Ward, Lock), by Mr. A. P. Crouch. It is as fresh and healthy as the wild surf beating round San Martin or Caleta, those beautiful tropical islands in the Bight of Benin, where the scene of the story is laid. The enterprising hero unshipped himself at Caleta, with the idea of making his fortune out of an indiarubber farm there, and found much more—romance, beauty, and love in this fragment of old Spain. His rubber enthusiasm beguiled him into trespassing on a private garden, where two boar-hounds of undoubtedly hostile intentions accorded him a very unconventional introduction to the heroine, Nina Castello. She called the animals off, and stood panting and laughing at his predicament.

"Oh! what a run I have had! Only just in time! In another moment Sabuesco would have caught you! I cannot help laughing! The dogs always tear off like that when they see a stranger in the garden, and he usually runs for the fence as hard as he can go."

"And what if they catch him?" I asked, severely.

"They never catch him. I call them off before they are near enough to overtake him. But you—how was it that you did not run away?"

"I am sorry to have disappointed you, but the fact is, that although my legs often want to run away, something inside me puts a decided veto on the proceedings."

They lingered in the garden, and after some conversation the young lady hospitably offered him a mount and engaged her brother to ride with him rubber questing on the morrow. Some delightful adventures ensued, and Ned Challoner was charmed with the coolness and horsemanship of Carlos, his dexterity, and *savoir faire*. A wild boar, however, was the cause of a diversion, and after an exciting engagement at close quarters was killed in a masterly manner by the boy. The gallant lad, nevertheless, sustained a serious wound and fainted, and Challoner found that his pith helmet covered the long heavy braids of Nina, who, indeed, possessed no brother. It would not be fair to the author to sketch his plot completely, but enough has been said to give the reader some idea of a wholesome unconventional story in a beautiful and unusual setting. The characters are well drawn; Señors Barrero and Castello are admirably pictured, and not without humour. Don Nicolas Garcia, the modern slave dealer, although slightly melodramatic, is a very striking figure in the book, which owes much of its exciting interest to the part he plays in it. Nina is a charming open-air girl, who would gladly have been a son to her father if she could.

The name of Sarah Tytler suggests a tolerably long list of unexceptional tales for young girls; it was therefore with a certain disagreeable surprise that we found that her latest book, "Women must Weep" (Long), was distinguished by little of her usual quality, and was, besides, conceived in such a spirit as we are accustomed to find in more notorious authors. The plot is frank, as are many plots nowadays, although few are frank to quite such an impossible extent. Social problems, such as Miss Tytler treats here, are best debated from a less attractive platform, and our innocent maidens will be less likely to listen to what would horrify and disillusionise them with life before they have fairly entered on it.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE CHANGE TO AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has come to us a full week earlier than last year. As in April there is almost always a day when, after many delusive promises, the spring which is almost winter changes unmistakably to the spring which is almost summer—a day when your pulses beat high and you step lightly in the effervescence of the joy of life, when the most cautious birds set to the work of nest-building without more ado, when that lovely little creature, the scarlet velvety mite, crawls abroad on the soft warm earth, and when the entomologist knows without doubt that certain moths will make their first appearance in his pupa cage and on his "sugared" trees—so later there comes a day when the mist of evening strikes chill for the first time, and when you are glad to have the windows and doors closed, though you shut out the sound of the robin's good-night song, the only music which now breaks the silence of the shrubberies round the house. Then you know that autumn has come, that though the summer flowers may continue blooming, as they did last year, almost up to Christmas, their period of vigorous wholesome growth is gone; and on any morning you may rise to feel a sharpened nip in the air and to find that a night frost has caught the dahlias. Last year many partridges had fallen before the change took place, but this year it came while August had still a week to run.

NATURE'S PRESCIENCE.

There has been a wider difference than this, however, in the two seasons; for while last year many birds—house-sparrows, house-martins, greenfinches, goldfinches, yellow-hammers, larks, tree-sparrows, pipits, turtle-doves, wood-pigeons, moorhens, and fly-catchers—were, to my knowledge, still almost as busy with their household cares up to the last week of August as in May, this year almost all the birds seemed to have finished their nursery work with July, and for some weeks to have been consorting in family parties or in flocks after their winter fashion. The difference may be due to the fact that last year we had a sequence of nest-shattering storms during the summer, and many birds were compelled to begin their work over and over again, so that they were very late in finishing. But I cannot help thinking that in some way it presages rather an early and severe winter this year. Our forefathers had many rustic signs by which they foretold the character of coming seasons, but I

know of none that stands the test of comparison with modern statistics. Still, without crediting any special birds or plants with meteorological prescience, I think we may believe in some general relation of cause and effect between the severity of coming seasons and the readiness of wild life to meet it. Seeing that winter, with its biting winds and binding frosts, is the chief danger to all life in north temperate zones, it is not too much to suppose that evolution has endowed wild life with sensitive adaptability to coming change.

THE YOUNG LARK'S CRY.

There are exceptions, of course, to this year's rule of early-finished nest work among the birds. A pipit is still feeding nestlings in the "drift"; several of our house-martins' nests contain young; and yesterday I nearly trod upon a very unfledged lark. Born in a nest on the open ground, young larks learn very early to find their way about, and are cunning almost as young partridges or plovers in lying low when danger approaches. And it is doubtless in consequence of this habit, and the ease with which so small a creature might be lost in a rough pasture, that a baby lark owns a voice so disproportionate to its size. Often in July you may hear a loud and doleful piping proceeding from the middle of a large field, and following up the sound come at last upon a young lark who thinks he is lost—perhaps because your presence prevented his cautious parents from returning to him—and is sitting there shouting for his mother and looking very like a frog or a clod of earth, until you pick him up and see the beautiful threefold tinting of each feather, which makes up that clever concealing hue.

PARALLEL DEVICES.

You may note the same happy blending of harmonious tints in the young of most birds which wander on the ground, especially when a covey of very small partridges vanishes from sight on the surface of the ground at the first note of their parent's alarm. And you need not go further than the fowl-yard to find a parallel for the loud voice of the young lark in distress. A score of tiny chickens may be feeding round their mother, and the running chorus of their contented cheeping scarcely amounts to any noise at all, so soft and sweet is it. But take one chicken only away from its family, and it straightway converts itself into a wind instrument of exasperating shrillness and metallic resonance. Fifty yards off everyone can hear quite plainly that some chicken must be in distress, as its loud-clucking parent treads upon half of its brothers

and sisters in her anxiety to get out and rescue the lost one. Here we see the old prairie instinct of ages of wild life still working at full blast in a hen coop.

USEFUL OUTCRY.

Another less pleasing survival of the habits of the hen's ancestors is to be seen, or rather heard, in the abominable clatter which she makes when emergency compels her to fly. If it is only a yard of wire fencing that she has to get over, she raises an outcry which the end of the world would hardly justify. Very silly, one always thinks; and so it may be in a fowl-yard. Yet it is probable that but for this gift of inconsequent clamour the ancestors of our domestic fowls would have been wiped off the earth. Seeking their food on the ground in jungly places, they were liable at any moment to find themselves confronted with deadly peril. As they were pretty wary, the surprise was probably mutual, and the infernal din raised by the flurried fowl would generally prevent the astonished enemy from closing with her as she rose from the ground, and after that it was too late. Even now one need not be a nervous person to find that the difficulty of catching a common hen is enormously increased by her flurry and uproar; and you may see a puppy chase a hen over and over again into a corner, but always stand by, scared, when she raises the awful din of her desperate rush out again. For the hen seems to know the value of the noise, and never lets it go to the full extent of her brazen lungs until the psychological crisis, when a moment of nervousness or irresolution in her pursuer means escape for her. You may see partridge or pheasant similarly escape from a cat which has stalked them warily and successfully up to the final point, only to be

left crouching and half-dazed on the spot whence the quarry had risen like a fire-rocket stuffed with crackers.

PROTECTION IN COMBAT.

Yet another conspicuous peculiarity of the hen is to fluff herself out tremendously if disturbed when broody, or when she conceives her chickens to be in danger. As she turns fussily round and round, the effect is often comical, especially from behind; but it is a trick shared by most wild creatures, and of the greatest value. The enemies dreaded by birds on their nests, especially ground-nesting birds, are chiefly small beasts of prey or snakes; and against these the fluffed-out feathers and shields of drooping wings are an immense protection. The only thing exposed is the beak, and that the enemy does not like, while the chances are that none of his vicious snaps would reach the body hidden inside that ball of feathers. When birds or animals fight, they almost always erect their plumage or fur, so as to deceive the enemy into striking short; and while combative birds which fight with their beaks generally have crests or appendages upon the head to protect their skulls, animals which fight with their teeth have manes or coarse erectile hair to guard their necks. Thus, the mane of the lion and that of the horse mean the same thing as the comb of the cock and the crest of the lark; while in the case of an animal like the cat, which has to protect every part of its person from its rival's claws, or the mongoose, which habitually fights with the deadly cobra, every hair upon the body can be erected just in the same way, and for just the same reason, as the feathers upon a silly old hen.

E. K. R.

PARTRIDGES AND INSECT FOOD.

NOTES ON A SUSSEX SHOOT.

WHEN these remarks appear in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE most of its readers will have formed their own conclusions about the season—whether it is above or below the average, or moderately good, or abominably bad—on their own shoots, that is, and those of their neighbours and friends. Before the sport opened which the charming pictures here shown represent (and as to how true, fresh, natural, and unstudied these scenes in a day's old-fashioned partridge shooting are there will be no two opinions), the writer had visited the very best partridge grounds in Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Sussex, and Suffolk (Sussex does not set up to be a partridge county on a large scale, contenting itself with being one of the native homes of the pheasant), and had received the same report from all; that though the young birds had hatched out very well, they had begun to die by ones and twos ever since the end of July, and that where there



W. A. Rouch.

INTO THE WOOD.

Copyright

had been fifteens and twelves there were then only sixes and fives. One of the leading gunmakers had collected returns of prospects from 500 manors, and had only received two thoroughly good reports in the lot. On the largest and best of all the great Suffolk shoots, with every natural advantage except a good water supply, which was deficient in the centre of the 15,000 acres of which it consisted, the stubbles in the evening certainly showed an undue proportion of barren birds and of coveys of squeakers. The latter are always numerous in a dry season, because such birds as do choose to nest again after being cut out have a good chance of rearing a few young ones, which in a wet July always die. It turned out that the stock was really much better than was supposed, a result which, we hope, may have been the case elsewhere. But there was undoubtedly a great loss of young birds in



W. A. Rouch.

OVER A FALLOW

Copyright

some places, due, probably, not so much to want of water to drink as to scarcity of insect food caused by the long absence of rain. Few people notice the immense supply of insects which every square yard of grass-field, bank, stubble, or clover holds in a normal year. There are many hundred kinds of beetles alone, and all their eggs and grubs. Besides these there are a vast number of ground spiders, grasshoppers, and small grass insects that do not hop, ants in millions, with their eggs and larvæ, and caterpillars "as the sands of the sea for multitude."

After a load of wheat or barley has been carried home in a waggon and emptied, the whole waggon floor is one crawling, writhing mass of insects, wriggling, running, creeping, and hopping among the loose corn and ears. It is this, with young fresh blades of clover, trefoil, and grass, which forms the main food of young partridges, and not wheat and barley grains to any great extent. If the whole, or a great part, of this supply disappears, the birds eat food which disagrees with them, and die in numbers, not from starvation or from want of water, but from indigestion. This year's early cold winds blew from April till June, and then the drought continued, accompanied by great heat, till September. The result was that except for the caterpillars from the oaks,

which were very numerous and very welcome to the pheasants in the coverts, there was a greater dearth of insect food than for the last five years. Anyone who sat down on a grassy bank, or a meadow, and looked into the grasses could see this. Instead of the usual stock of creepy-crawly beasts, there was no life among the grass and weeds at all, except a few butterflies. No grasshoppers, no emmets, no beetles and centipedes, and, of course, no earthworms, all of which retired from business months ago. The worst of this famine among the insects is that there is no means of supplying any substitute for such food, and the birds must take their chance. That abundance of insects makes up for scarcity of



W. A. Rouch.

THE BEST FIELD OF ROOTS.

Copyright

water is fairly clear from what happened this season on parts of the chalk downs. Water was scarcer there than for many years past. On the other hand, there were such quantities of ants on the down sides, in old-established ant-hills which even the drought did not much affect, that the birds obtained their usual supply, and did very well.

The scenes on the prettily varied ground shown in our illustrations are those which hundreds of fortunate Englishmen have lately been enjoying, let us hope with equal success. Everyone knows the typical Sussex estate, often steeper than this, but generally cultivated on the tops of the rising ground, with belts of wood, and hops growing on the sides,



W. A. Rouch.

BIRDS LIE CLOSER STILL.

Copyright

and those charming big hedges, developing into shaws near the coverts, from which anything may be expected, from a scattered partridge to a hare. Where the hills are steep and the pastures much fed by cattle, the birds of Sussex have a tiresome habit of running about in sight on the meadows, and behave like red-legs in other counties; but on ground like that here shown the sport is of the best. After walking the stubbles the birds are put into the roots and rough fields, unless, as in our first picture, they choose to slip off wild and drop INTO THE WOOD, where no one can touch them. Just one long shot, in the hope of dropping the last bird, and that is all. They were hatched in the low sloop in the covert, and nothing will keep them out of it. Then OVER A FALLOW, with any amount of weeds and ox-eye daisies on one side under the hedge, and three big coveys rise wild from where they were dusting, and drop over into THE BEST FIELD OF ROOTS. This is cover such as the season has not often allowed to grow elsewhere; but there were probably very heavy thunder-storms and a deluge of rain just



W. A. Rouch.

THE ROUGH GRASS.

Copyright

when the turnips had got well started. It is pretty full of rabbits, too, which are nearly invisible in the high cover, but draw fire freely. It does not matter; the birds will lie until walked up. Personally, I do not like shooting in these tall, thick roots; birds rise very close, and are killed very dead. Then they are perfectly invisible when they fall, for they strike the leaves of the swedes or rape and disappear under them, and, unless most accurately marked, so that a feather or two or a drop of blood can be noted as indications that there is a bird underneath, they have to be found by the dog. The thick stuff often puzzles the dog, too, as do the rabbits, which hop and creep under his nose. Altogether the thick

roots are often rather a disappointment. Not so THE ROUGH GRASS and hedgerow, into which the birds scatter next. This is a treat, though the shooting is perhaps rather too easy. The birds have pitched down all along the boundary; some have run into the rough grass and hedgerow, others have squatted in the thinner grass in the field. This is where the bag mounts up in a satisfactory manner; everyone gets easy shots, and is consoled for any little missing he may have done earlier. It is a fine "consolation field." The rest of the morning till luncheon-time will be spent in getting coveys up out of the thin roots and grasses, and inducing them to fly to the rough stuff. In another illustration one of these very thick hedges is seen, with grass and weeds more than knee-deep. BIRDS LIE CLOSER STILL when they pitch or run into this, though as they twist over the fence and round the trees the shots are not uniformly easy. THE PICK UP after a big rise takes some time; but with four walkers to two guns there should be enough pairs of eyes to divide the duties of marking first and second birds and the walking in and picking of them up. What else are walkers wanted for except, indeed, to walk, which is one of the most elementary accomplishments of life. For picking up dead birds I would always prefer the walker, properly trained and knowing his business, to the dog. He needs training and to think for himself. But for all birds that drop within 45 yds. a couple of good walkers who understand each other can do the picking up more safely and far more quietly than a dog will, though, of course, they need the dog to help them when at fault, or for runners. C. J. C.

HUNTING NOTES.

THESE lines are being written from the quiet town of Thame. It occurred to the writer that it would be both pleasant and profitable for these notes if he drove down to winter quarters. This would give an opportunity of visiting various hunting countries by the way, and of gathering first-hand information. So packing a few necessities in a light four-wheeled dog-cart, and putting a stout well-bred polo pony into the shafts, like a new Nimrod I started forth on a tour. What admirable reading those Nimrod's tours are, by the way, and probably the best sketch of contemporary sporting manners and customs. Nimrod was so frank, so self-confident, and so free from any false humility, or, to tell the truth, any reticence about himself, or anyone else, that his writings are a storehouse of portraits of contemporary sportsmen.

But to return to the present. Thame is, if a town of no great importance commercially, a name pleasantly associated with good sport in the minds of many Oxford men. The Spread Eagle will be remembered, too, by a past generation as a pleasant place to drive to from Oxford for dinner in summer-time. The South Oxfordshire Hunt has a charming little territory in what is really a part of the famous Vale of Aylesbury. For this country Thame is a good centre, and variety can be had by hunting the carted deer with Lord Rothschild or joining in with the Bicester on Thursdays. This country was practically formed by Lord Macclesfield, and at one time was known by his name. Towards Oxford are some well-known woods full of stout foxes, and carrying the horn in these great coverts made the late Lord Macclesfield one of the best amateur woodland huntsmen our generation has seen. What good and genuine sport he used to show those who had the courage to join him! Since Lord Macclesfield's day there have been two Masters—Mr. Fielden and Mr. W. Ashurst. The present M.F.H., Mr. Pease, carries the horn, and Charles Sheppard, who has been in the kennels from Lord Macclesfield's time, helps him as K.H. Mr. Jack Thompson, the banker, is still to the fore, and was described to me this morning as riding as straight as ever at times, yet was he hunting when many now middle-aged men were boys. Then there is his son, who rides as hard as his father used to do. The prospects of the country are splendid this season. The hounds are better than ever. Some of the litches are full of quality, and with shoulders that should enable them to stand work in a country which is not all grass, but includes, as I have said, some deep woods and some spurs of the Chiltern Hills, which are as rugged to ride over as they are picturesque. As for foxes, Thame Park has in its coverts four stout litters of cubs, not to speak of other places. Just over the river Thame is the Bicester country, fairly stiff but wireless, and



W. A. Rouch.

THE PICK UP.

Copyright

ridable now as in the days when Lord Chesham, of South African fame, carried the horn. Truth to tell, there is but little wire in this country, and I rode through miles of the Bicester territory the other day without seeing a strand. The fields are smaller, of course, than Leicestershire, and parts of the country ride deeper than the shires in wet weather, but it carries a great scent and raises stouter foxes than we always find in fashionable countries. Above all, the Bicester has one of the clearest and most workable systems of subscription of any pack in England. The hunting, too, is full of variety. One day you will be deep in woodlands, some of which are shared with the South Oxfordshire, at other times on the best grass the Vale can show, while on a third occasion hounds may have to hunt out inch by inch of a failing scent on deep ploughs.

From Thame to Buckingham is a pleasant drive that well shows the Bicester country, and where to your right hand, going north, is the best two day a week country in England—the Whaddon Chase. We did not pass through any part of that country, but the character of the small grass pastures and fairly stiff fences is much the same as on this side of the Bicester through which we jog, hunting, of course, in imagination every inch of the way. Then we come into the borders of the Grafton. Now the Grafton is a sporting hunt with some good country, an excellent huntsman, and a pack of hounds which is full of the best of blood from the Belvoir kennels; but were I asked to mark off the leading characteristic of the Grafton as it is imprinted on my mind, it would be that it is the best cub-hunting country in England. Nowhere that I know of can we see the working of hounds better than in the early part of the season in the Grafton woodlands. Lastly, we come out into the Pychley, as we leave Towcester (a pleasant little town with hunting memories), and, giving Northampton a wide berth, strike at length the road to Market Harborough. But of this country, so full of the associations of the past, I will not write when my space is drawing to a small compass. There are pleasures in contrasts, even on paper, and but a very few days back nothing was further from our minds than cubs. Nothing less than a warrantable deer, or a stag seven or eight years old, with all his rights and two or three atop, filled our thoughts. The last day was a very characteristic stag-hunting day—not stag-hunting at its best, but yet full of interest. Some brilliant moments could be enjoyed by those who always take care not to let the opportunities of hunting slip by them. It was a day for patience rather than for much galloping. Horner Wood is a safe and sure refuge for the red deer, and they seem to know this. Every book that has ever been written about stag-hunting in the West mentions this predilection of stags for Horner. No doubt if (which the Fates forbid) the red deer were ever exterminated, it would be in Horner that the last survivors of the race would linger. At all events, as quickly as the tufters drive the stags out of Sweet Tree they run for Horner. At last Antony went for his pack. The familiar crash of melody melted into silence, and we galloped a good pace over the heather for a short time. Then there was a check, and hounds as they recovered the line dashed with a fine scent into Horner once more. In covert scent was very poor indeed. Tufters were drawn, the pack taken away, and Antony set to work to hunt the stag out again. It would take a native of Exmoor to trace the course of the run that followed. Scent was only moderate, and the pace likewise, but no one could fail to note the way hounds picked out the line of the stag. The field began to drop off by degrees, and it was but few who were left to gallop with improving scent, which, perhaps it is needless to say, led over some rather boggy sort of ground, in which, of course, it was difficult to ride. At Nutsall hounds checked where the deer had soiled, and then, putting themselves right, struck the scent where the stag had scrambled out. Then came a good bit of going over Porlock Common, right up to Hawkcombe. Darkness now began to come on, and as I turned my back on hounds I heard the horn calling hounds together, and concluded that the chase had been abandoned. X.

FROM THE PAVILION.

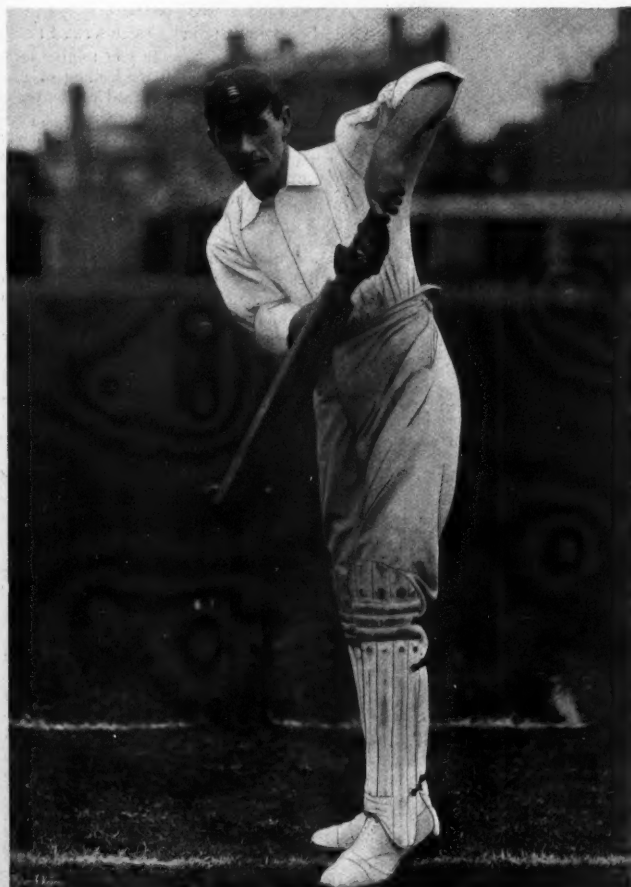
THOUGH the counties are rapidly finishing off their seasons, yet the cricket year dies hard and interest is still maintained, but a very large amount of the interest of last week attached to the doings of two men, Fry and Abel, both of whom were racing for the honour of being the first to score 3,000 runs in the course of the year. Curiously enough both Sussex and Surrey lost the toss and had to field first, but though Surrey had a little batting on Thursday, Abel did not go in first as usual, but was allowed a night's rest and reflection, so that on Friday he had to wait some time for his innings, whereas Fry had gone in as first man on that morning, and hence got to the desired goal some time earlier than his rival. Abel, however, stayed the longer, and was even batting on Saturday, till the declaration of the innings left him at 205 not out, whereas Fry had been stumped at 149, his fifth successive century! This is a really noble record, and we may

say of it, as a disconsolate rival once said of Barlow, that it will "take a deal of shifting." Brann proved a worthy ally of Fry, as he got his third century of the season, Burnup having done the same thing for Kent, all three "centurions" having played really brilliant cricket. Sussex, by aggregating 539, made its third total of more than half a thousand in four consecutive innings. Surrey made not less than 589 v. Middlesex, that county's bowling showing up very poorly, but for all that it was a great feat of the colt Baker to make 102 against it. Bosanquet, with an admirable 113—admirable alike for defence and dash—wound up a splendid series of useful innings scored during the month. Before he got this century he had an average of 46 for the month, with a highest total of 75, and no "not out" to help him, so that his "hundred" was a well-earned reward from the hands of a goddess proverbially fickle. Worcestershire concluded in brilliant fashion, inflicting a direful defeat, by 342 runs, on Gloucestershire. Three batsmen—R. E. Foster, 136; W. H. B. Evans, 107; and W. W. Lowe, 113 not out—were responsible for 14 runs more than the winning majority, and it is notable that all three hail from Malvern College, Evans having been a member of the eleven this year. It will be remembered that Burnup, who made his 100 at Brighton the day before, is also a Malvern boy, as also is Latham of Sussex, who made 170 odd against Middlesex earlier in the week. Malvern seems to be as fecund of first-class batsmen as was Uppingham in the mid-seventies.

The Scarborough Festival has, up to the time of writing, been a great success, notwithstanding some very bad weather, for the Yorkshire Eleven. Rhodes will be especially pleased with it, as he made against the M.C.C., not a very strong side, the first century of his life. I well remember seeing him play a year or two ago at Lord's, his first appearance there, and being much impressed, as was everyone else, with his capital batting, which on that occasion quite excelled his bowling; but, like many bowlers, he has had to keep his batting in abeyance, till in this, a match of less serious cricket than county cricket, he has achieved what every cricketer desires to do. He, with E. Smith (95) and Hirst (71), not only scored well, but bowled well, the trio getting seventeen wickets, and Yorkshire winning easily. Again, in Over Thirty and Under Thirty, the second match, it was Hirst who scored 163 not out, and T. L. Taylor who made 61, while Hirst had four wickets and Rhodes three, the "old gentlemen" having by far the worst of the game.

Mr. C. McGahey, a portrait of whom appears to-day, is one of the batsmen upon whom Essex relies for its runs, and this year, to say the least, he has not disappointed his county. He is also very smart in the field—particularly so in the slips or at "third man."

It is curious how some men have the knack of dropping out of county cricket, and then, reappearing in the hour of need, of picking it up exactly where they left it. Brann of Sussex is a good case in point, and so is Marchant, the ex-captain of Kent, who played a wonderfully good innings of exactly 100 against Middlesex. I am not forgetting his brilliant 111 against Yorkshire made much earlier in the season, and in, I believe, his first big match of the year, which only goes to confirm my opinion that he, like A. G. Steel and a very few others, has the power of remaining first-class even when first-class cricket has been temporarily dropped. I have not yet mentioned a fine game between Middlesex and Sussex, when Middlesex managed to draw creditably in the teeth of a total of 501, mainly contributed by Fry (149) and Latham (172), the latter, by the way, making one of his rare appearances. Middlesex could only reply with 289, towards which Wells's 89 was by far the highest contribution, but in the second innings came 401 for eight wickets, 112 from Warner and an even more admirable 101 not out from More of the Oxford Eleven. More seems to be training on into a really high-class



W. A. Rouch.

MR. C. MCGAHEY.

Copyright

cricketer, and if his bowling should advance *pari passu* with his batting, he will indeed be a valuable recruit; but it is bowling that the county wants, as Rawlin is ageing—perhaps he is almost "aged"—Hearne has lost his sting, and Trott is dreadfully expensive.

The Yardley Benefit Fund match, played at Lord's on the 12th, should command the sympathy of all who remember the magnificent batting of William Yardley, of Rugby and Cambridge. Not only was he the pioneer of the century in the inter-Varsity matches, but his name is still the only one that has two centuries attached to it, and those two were made in 1870 and 1872, when it used to be said of a cricketer that "if he could get runs at Lord's he could get them anywhere." He was a fine, tall, up-standing batsman, driving and hitting to leg in magnificent style, and cutting well to boot. Imagine Lionel Palairet fully two stone heavier and bigger than he now is, and subtract the amount of elegance which the additional weight neutralises, and you will have a very fair conception of Yardley's batting; indeed he was, among amateurs at least, second to Grace alone. Though a hard-working man, he was unable to leave his family in good circumstances; hence the arrangement of this match, to which everyone will wish limitless financial success.

W. J. FORD.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

THE thirty-fourth annual Dublin Horse Show, held last week at Ball's Bridge, was, from a numerical point of view at all events, a very great affair, as the entries amounted to 1,277, as against 1,245 last year, and 589 at the first Ball's Bridge meeting in 1871, the show having previously taken place in Kildare Street. This truly gigantic entry points conclusively to the high position attained by the Irish fixture, but it can scarcely be maintained in the face of the decidedly large number of mediocrities, in the shape of indifferent horses, sent up by their owners with the sole object of being disposed of, that the quality of the entry has increased proportionately with its numerical strength.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this year's show, which, by the way, was honoured by official visits from the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Cadogan, and an unofficial one from T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who for obvious reasons were unable to take part in any semi-state function, was the great success which attended an English stable, as Mr. H. B. Cory, of Druidstone, near Cardiff—his residence is within the English border—with half-a-dozen entries won the championship of the show, two first, one second, and two third prizes. This, indeed, is a record for any owner to be proud of, and it will probably lead to a larger number of English visitors patronising Dublin in the future than heretofore. The chestnut Gendarme, who was the hero of the show, as he won the championship from some very good horses, though probably his hardest fight of the week was that with Mr. Nathaniel Morton's superb brown gelding Iota, is a well-known prize-winner on this side of the Channel, as he won many championships for Mr. T. D. John and Mr. N. Grey before passing into the possession of Mr. Cory. He is a nine year old by Blue Blood, and is a Lincolnshire-bred horse, with absolutely the best of quarters, immense quality, excellent shoulders, and very fine action.

The light-weight mare or gelding class was a huge one, as it contained 173 entries, Mr. Cory winning with St. Donats, who was the finest mover of the class, and better known, unless we are mistaken, to show-goers on this side of the water as Silence. A very wonderful collection, too, was the half-bred brood mare class for heavy weights, for although there were only nineteen competitors in it, the quality was so fine and so even all through that the judges experienced the greatest difficulty in arriving at a decision in favour of Mr. C. E. Walker's Actress, with Mr. Healy's Nosey next in order. No one could find fault with this award, but there were quite half-a-dozen other mares in the class any of which might have won with equal propriety, so keen was the competition. The yearling classes for colts and fillies were both extremely good, but, as observed above regarding the older ones, there were many indifferent animals exhibited.

As regards the harness classes there is little that need be said, as the Irish exhibitors could not make much impression against their opponents from Scotland and England. First prizes in pairs under 15h. 3in. and in tandems were easily secured by Miss Ross of Sale, with the beautifully-matched steppers Rowton Vinca and Rowton Blackthorn, which showed excellent form at Peterborough, while in the over 15h. 3in. class Mr. Gemmell of Ayr won with ridiculous ease with his superb bays Lord President and Agiator, who, it may be remembered, scored at Belfast a few weeks ago. Mr. Smiley of Larne was to the fore in cobs with the brilliant-actioned Hackneys Miss Doncaster and Copley Flora, whilst Mr. Franklin of Derby won in the pony pairs with Lord and Lady Go Bang, the latter of whom won the pony pace and action class, and Mr. Eustace Smith of Newcastle-on-Tyne carried off premier honours in the pony tandems with Jenny Lind and Wild Lucy. The pace and action class for horses fell to Mr. McBride of Belfast for his well-known American-bred bay King George, whilst the mile trotting race fell to Mr. Townsley's General White, who covered the distance in 2min. 35sec. after breaking badly, second honours going to Mr. M. Tierney's German-bred stallion Horner, who was 4½sec. behind the winner. It is impossible to regard the saddle classes at Dublin with any seriousness, as the classification is so entirely opposed to anything which appears at any other show that lays claims to being a first-rate one. For instance, covert hacks and park hacks are grouped to ether—an arrangement which reduces the awarding of the prizes to the level of a farce, as judges who have officiated on former occasions have pointed out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO DESTROY HOUSE-BEETLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers advise me of an effectual way of getting rid of house-beetles? We are very much troubled with them, and want, if possible, to exterminate them.—H. H. C.

[Sprinkle the floor liberally with Keating's powder every night.—ED.]

CIDER AND BEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the paragraph in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE which contains a kindly reference to the efforts I have made—not, I venture to think, without a fair measure of success—to revive the taste for cider and

perry, and so restore what was once a flourishing industry. I am, however, induced to ask leave for space for a few observations in reply to the criticisms on the cost of cider as compared with that of beer. In the paragraph in question the following passage occurs: "Where we rather incline to differ from Mr. Cooke is in his regardless-of-expense attitude. If bottled cider is ever to become a real substitute for bottled beer, the wayfaring man must be able to enter his hostelry and call for his cider at what he pays for his Bass, that is to say, 3d. a small bottle. Why this should be so difficult is a mystery. The materials out of which cider is made are not more expensive than those used in good beer, nor ought the bottling process to be more costly." My reply to this is that in places where cider is known and appreciated it is now obtainable in small bottles at the price of beer. It is not, as yet, obtainable in other places where the drink is less known, because there is not a sufficient demand for it to render its sale in small quantities at such a price profitable. I have never suggested that cider should supplant beer, I have indeed no wish that it should, for I enjoy a glass of good genuine beer, when procurable, as much as anyone; but I do think that in summer and autumn, when many people give up drinking beer and take instead to all manner of concocted liquors, they would do far better to quench their thirst with such natural and native beverages as cider and perry. When people talk glibly to the effect that cider will not be really popular until it can always be sold as cheaply as beer, they fail to appreciate the essential differences between the two liquors. First, as to cost. Beer is an artificial composition, the chief constituent of which is water, costing only the labour of drawing it from well or spring. The water in cider is contained only in the juice of the apples, and has to be paid for in the price of them. Barley and barley substitutes can always be procured from home or foreign sources with unfailing regularity; the apple crop is variable in amount and quality year by year, and, as regards vintage sorts, is limited to certain districts. Beer can be and is made all the year round; cider only in the three months of October, November, and December. Beer can be sent out from the brewery as soon as it is made; cider has to mature some months, and in the case of very rich sorts some years, in the wood. Beer is consumed at all seasons; cider, such cider at all events as would compete with beer, in hot weather only. All these differences militate against extreme cheapness of cider. But, as I have said, where a steady demand exists, if only during the summer and autumn, a light cider of medium quality, but wholesome and refreshing, can be sold as cheaply as beer. Next, as to the nature of the two drinks. Except that each is a palatable liquor there is little similitude between them. One is a manufactured article, intended for immediate consumption, the other is really a wine (and is so called in Germany), made from apples in the same way and by the same process as claret is made from grapes. And just as there are varieties of claret ranging from Vin Ordinaire to Château Lafite, and a good market at differing prices for all sorts, so are there varieties of cider. Some ciders made from choice apples with rich juice require special care in the making, while the process of fermentation has to be watched for months, perhaps for years, before they are fit for consumption. These, as they cost more to produce in perfection, are naturally more expensive to buy than commoner sorts; but there ought to be and there is a market at a price for all sorts if each is genuine of its kind, just as there is a market for Vin Ordinaire and for Château Lafite. Indeed, I see many signs which indicate that in the not far distant future ciders and perries of superior quality will, in numerous English households, displace the light wines of the Continent. We are much influenced in regard to food and drink by the advice of our doctors, and I am glad to find that many medical men appreciate the dietetic value of our native drinks, and in recommending them in preference to the produce of continental vineyards are coming round to the opinion of the member of the profession who, writing to me lately, said: "It seems to me a pity that so beautiful and wholesome a drink as cider is so little known or used, and that foreign wines of doubtful composition should be in such demand."—C. W. RADCLIFFE COOKE, Hellens, Herefordshire.

STANDING AT EASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph of a horse standing at ease, which I took last spring at Biskra, down in the Sahara, may perhaps interest some of your readers. I have never seen one in this attitude before, and should be glad to know if anyone else has.—ED. T. ELEY.



[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I enclose you a photograph, which you may think curious enough to put

in COUNTRY LIFE. The animal is a troop horse (or rather was one, as he is cast now) in the 1st Life Guards. While standing with his legs crossed, I have seen the veterinary put a pin deep into the leg, below the knee, and the horse never moved. The veterinaries agreed that the horse was mad, or rather, as they said, lacked brain power. The legs were all filled up from want of exercise, as nothing could be done with him. I have seen three or four men push him up to his manger or water trough before he would eat or drink. He was standing as in the photograph when General Grant inspected the regiment at a horse parade, much to the general's astonishment and amazement. I have shown this photograph to many people, including General Truman, head of the remount department, and all agree that it is the most extraordinary thing they have ever seen. The animal was well known as the mad horse of the 1st Life Guards. I am sure many of your readers would recognise the photograph.—CAPTAIN E. W. CLOWES, 1st Life Guards.



[It is strange that we received two letters simultaneously containing photographs of horses standing in this extraordinary position.—ED.]

THE TRIPLETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Frank Duvall, of Audubon, County Iowa, Greeley Township, has a three year old heifer among his herd with a record not often heard of. Four calves claim her parentage up to this time, one a fine yearling steer now, and the three others having just passed the two weeks of their existence. The calves are all good ones, and from the accompanying picture it is easy to see they are very much alive.—OSCAR ROBERTS, Audubon, Iowa.



FEEDING GOLD FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I trouble you to give me a few directions as to the feeding of gold fish. I have lately turned a number of gold fish (150) into a large artificial pond in which water-lilies are growing; they make the water very thick, but are perfectly healthy. If they are fed, what is the best food to give them, and will feeding them with proper food prevent them stirring up the mud? I have taken COUNTRY LIFE for a long time, and very much enjoy it; have been looking up the back numbers, but cannot find any mention of this particular fish.—EMILY PAUL.

[Gold fish are rather apt to show a liking for grubbing at the roots of water-lilies. It is possible that they will not continue to find so much attraction in the mud when they have investigated it thoroughly and cleared it of its hitherto untouched stores of edibles. The feeding of gold fish is not difficult, for they are not particular, and a dinner of scraps (which should be cut small or crumbled) is not despised by them. But perhaps for constant use boiled wheat is as good as anything. The wheat should be boiled until it swells, and should be boiled every day afresh. It is possible that this will induce the fish to do less mud-grubbing; but probably they will not continue to thicken the water to the same extent as when they were put in first.—ED.]

FOUL PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you kindly give me some information as to the best way to prevent a pond growing foul? It is on the point of being cleaned out, and it has been suggested that chalking the bottom might have a good effect. The soil is sand and clay. Would any species of weed have a purifying effect?—SUSSEX.

[It is not easy to answer this question without knowing something of the size of the pond and the nature of the fouling. We do not think it likely that chalking the floor of the pond would have much effect. Liming it well would kill for the time being any germs that were in it, but, of course, the inflowing water would slack the lime, and the foulness would soon cover it again. Nor do we know of any plant that would have the effect desired. If the foulness be caused by inflowing sewage it ought to be possible to deal with this in bacteria tanks before it comes to the pond, and probably this would be a better way than establishing the bacteria in the pond itself. With regard to these bacteria tanks you cannot do better than look up an article contributed to the Nineteenth Century by Lady Priestley some six months or so ago. No doubt Messrs. Kegan Paul would send the number with the article in question if a general description of its nature were given them and Lady Priestley's name mentioned as that of the writer. If the pond is small and lends itself to the treatment, it might be useful to restrict its width and depth so as to increase the speed of any stream running through it.—ED.]